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July 12, 1924

Collier's

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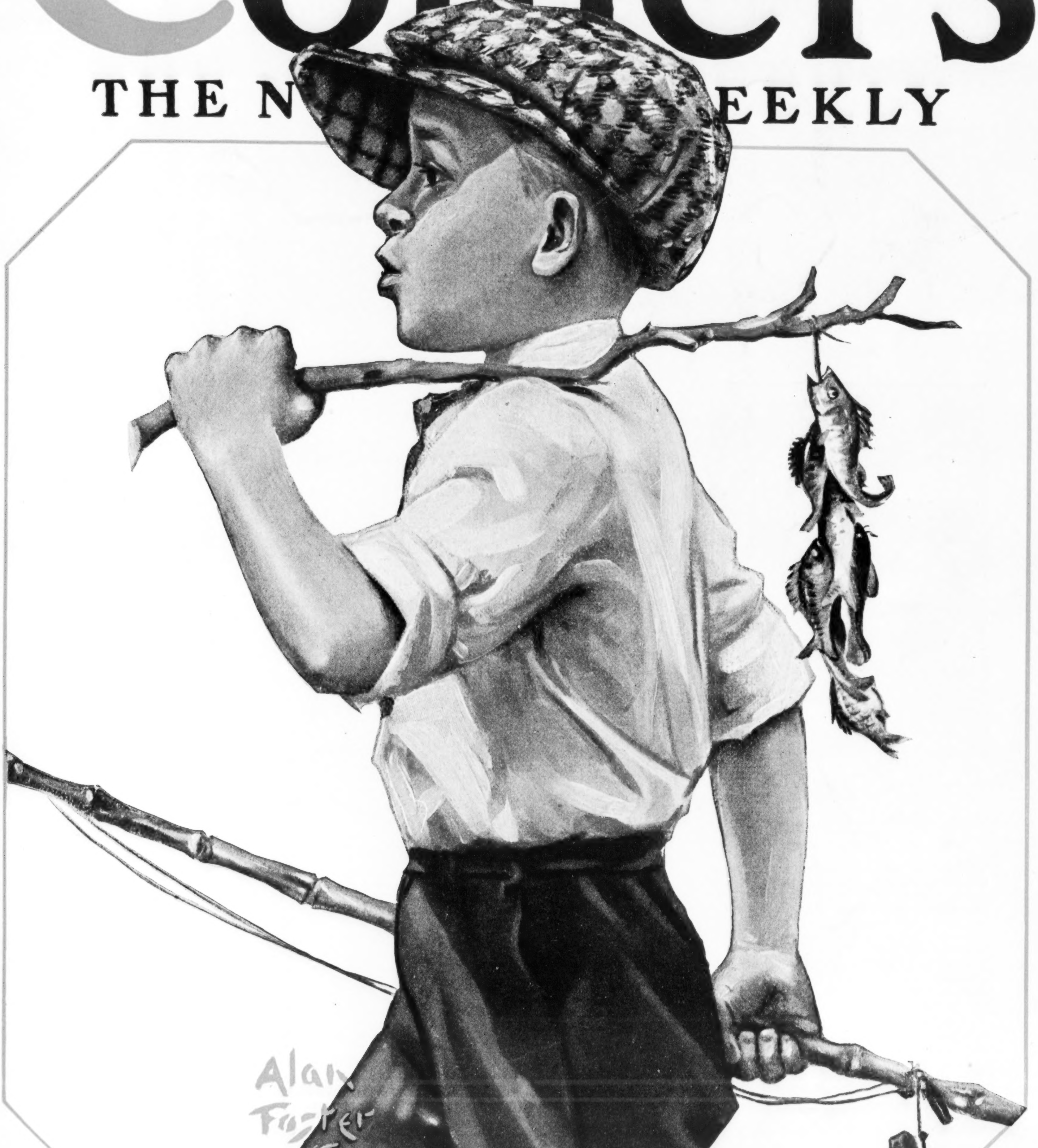

What Would Become of Your Child?

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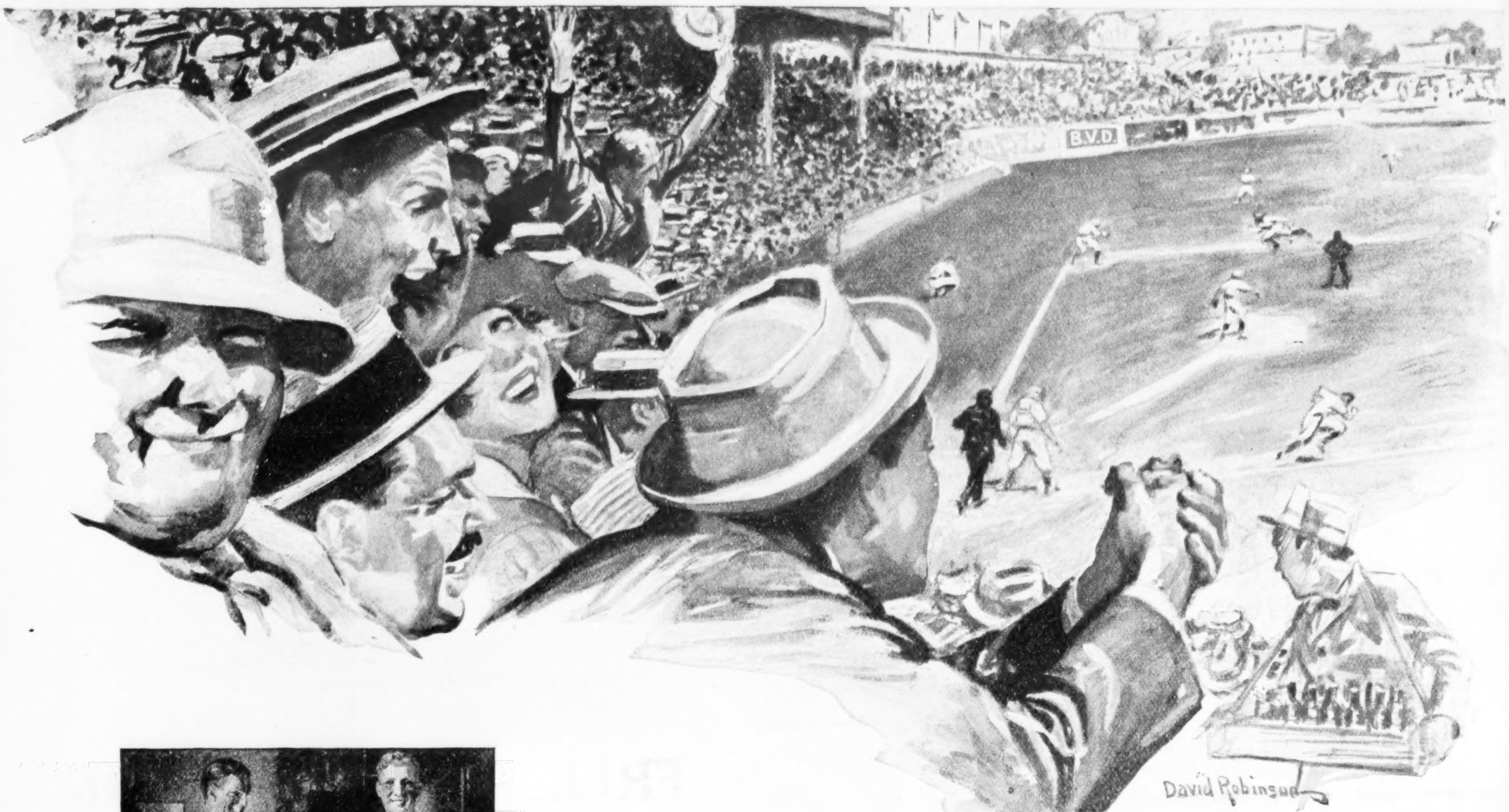

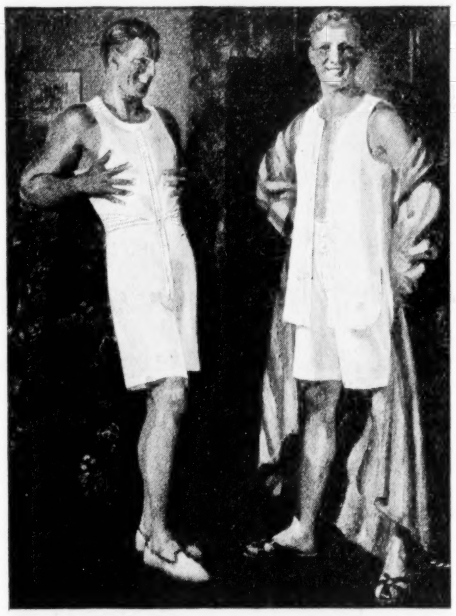

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best"

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Men's $1.50 the suit, Youths' 85c

"B.V.D." shaped elastic insertions at shoulders and ***encircling*** waist make these cool, loose-fitting undergarments instantly responsive to your slightest movement. These ***ever-elastic*** insertions are knitted by us on spring needle machines from yarns spun from selected cotton in our own yarn mill.

The perfect "B.V.D." closed crotch (patented) completely covers the crotch ***without surplus trunk length*** and uncomfortable needless material at crotch or seat.

The patented elastic shoulder construction and waist band reinforcement are additional guarantees of comfort and long wear.

"B.V.D." Shirts and Drawers

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"B.V.D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers are the ***constant choice*** of millions of men who wear two-piece underwear. They know that they are correctly cut as to size and that there is a shapeliness to the garments that makes them hang smoothly and evenly with neither too much nor too little fullness.

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How Many Nixies Were Yours?

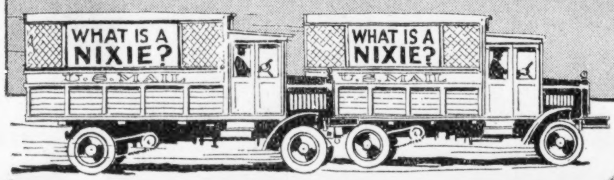
NIXIES!

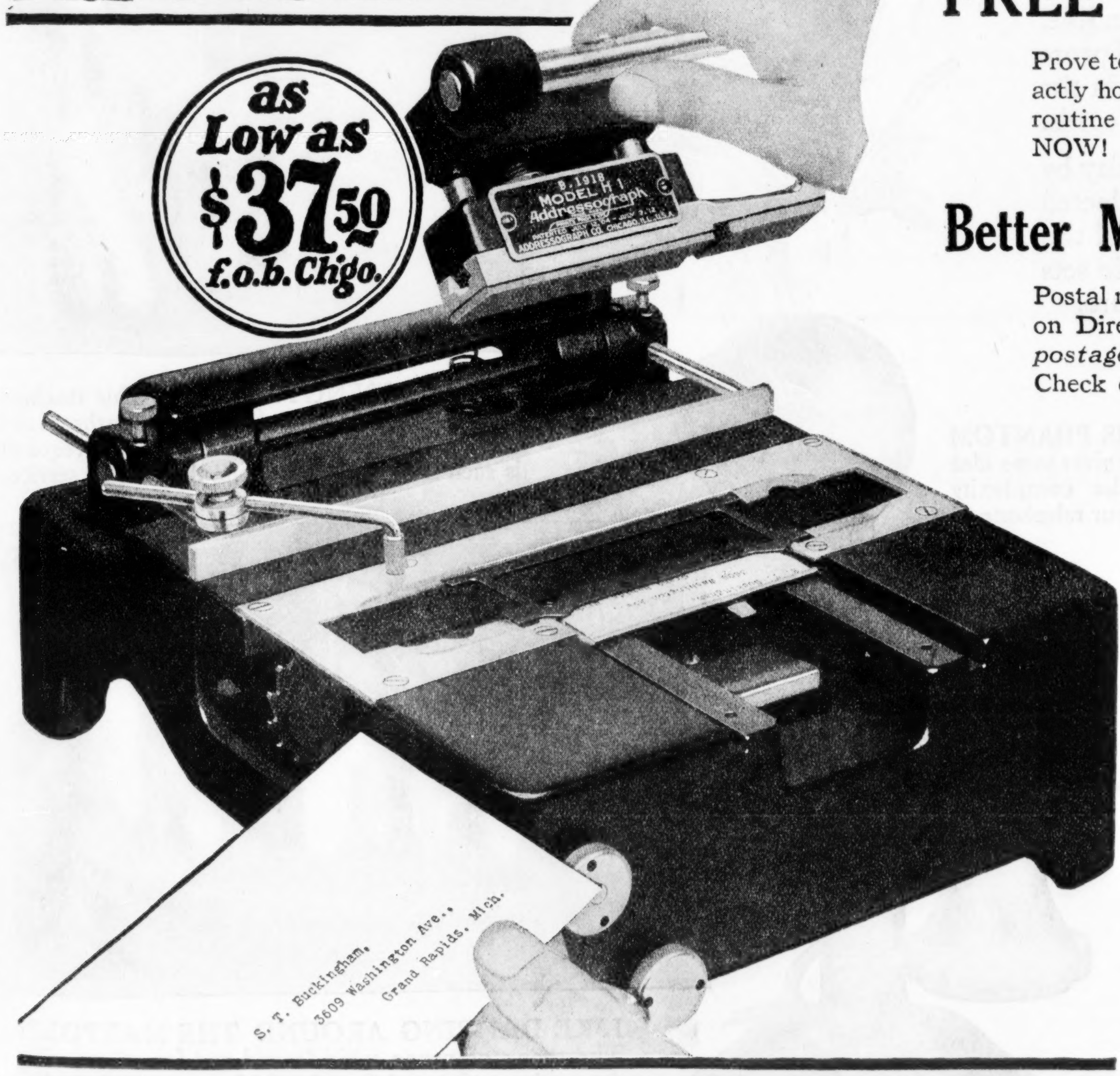
10,285,428

PIECES OF MAIL

RETURNED TO SENDERS LAST YEAR.

ARTHUR C. LUEDER, Postmaster.


WHAT IS A NIXIE?
U.S. MAIL
WHAT IS A NIXIE?
U.S. MAIL



$205,708 Postage Wasted Last Year—

Last year the Chicago Post Office *alone,* returned to senders over 10¼ MILLION pieces of mail because of *incorrect, incomplete* and *unreadable* addressing! In short, failure to use the Addressograph cost these particular users of the mails over $200,000 in WASTED postage alone—to say nothing of the value of costly mailing pieces—lost sales—etc.

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Addressograph

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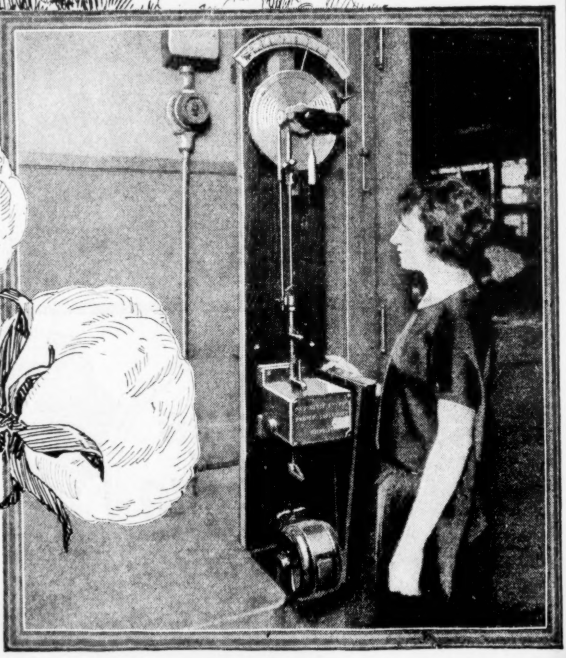
Cotton
–in your telephone*

Cotton is one of nineteen materials needed to make a telephone. The fibre has qualities which play a large part in keeping the voice currents on the pathways provided for them.

It is valuable as an insulator. It is flexible. It stands usage. Such a combination of properties gives cotton its important place in the covering of telephone and switchboard cords.

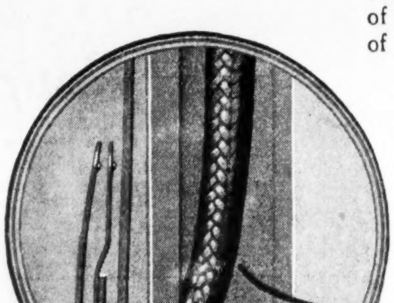
This cotton stands the hard test of day by day service because it was carefully selected for the job. Just one more evidence of the high standard which Western Electric sets for every stage of telephone manufacture.

*No. 8 of a series on raw materials.

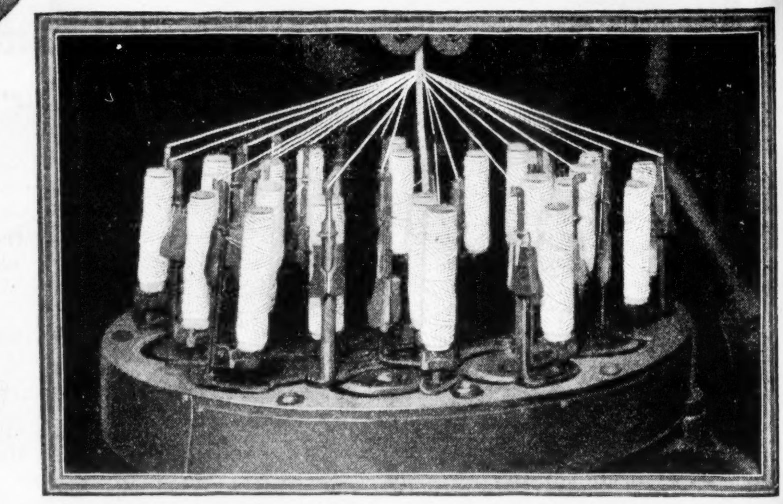


THE STRENGTH TEST. This machine takes representative samples of the cotton thread and tests their tensile strength. The standard required is such as to assure long and dependable service.

THIS PHANTOM view gives some idea of the complexity of your telephone.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE COVERING. The transmitter cord inside your telephone. Here the toughness of the cotton fibre counts—where it comes in constant contact with metal parts.



LIKE DANCING AROUND THE MAYPOLE. The spools of cotton whirl 'round and 'round, weaving the cord covering tightly and quickly—so quickly in fact that 11,000,000 cords was the record production for 1923.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

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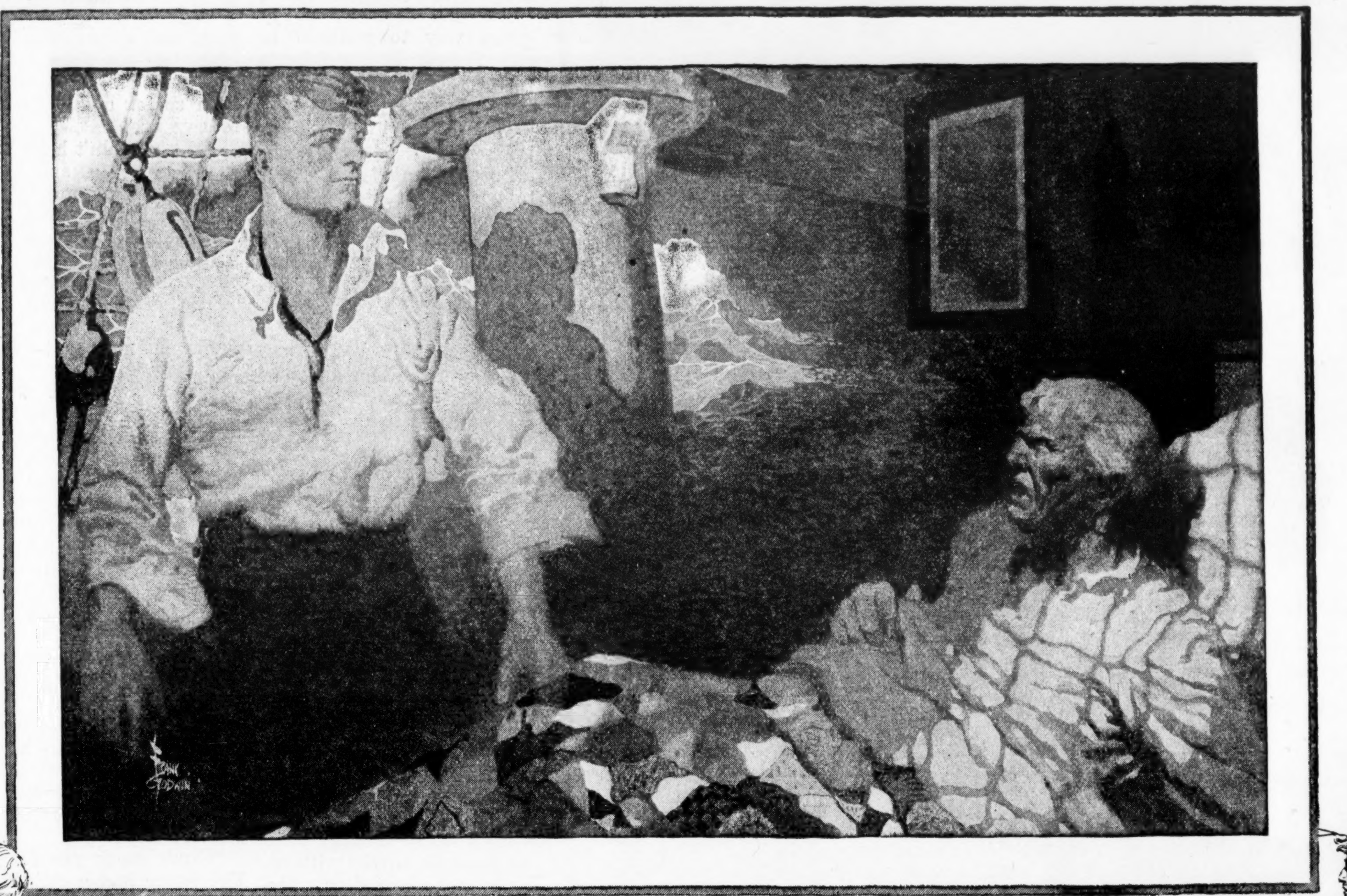


He saw in his dream the smooth gold locket that held Faith's picture

The Miniature

By Edith Ballinger Price

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"LILACS smell twice as sweet in the dusk." Faith whispered the discovery to herself, bending down dim boughs to her face. When she released them they sprang back, revealing under their heart-shaped leaves and clustered flowers a far sweep of darkening sea. Beyond the newly painted picket fence, below the steep stony hill street, the wharf lights were beginning to move and shine. Farther out, in the fast deepening twilight, swung the rolling lamp of the lightship on the shoal. Faith gathered her merino skirt up into her hand, lest the falling dew wrinkle its edge. It was part of her trousseau, and she had been so reared in thrift—though thrift was no longer necessary—that she wanted to make it last as long as possible. She turned and looked across the grass plot to the house—the finest house on the island, and she the mistress of it! Faintly white, looming larger than ever in the dusk, it reared itself on the slope above her—solid, proud, self-assertive, from the captain's walk encircling its upper story to the three magnificent curved stone steps at its open door.

Faith had left the door open; she hastened up the pebbled path to close it, lest Captain Bodney come home and find the night-damp flooding the hall. She couldn't help thinking of him still as Captain Bodney, though she called him Joseph very prettily to his face. He was so much, much older than she—fifty, surely—and that was more than twice as old. Besides, he had been Captain Bodney all her life; a few years ago he would certainly have boxed her ears had she called him anything else. It was so different—being married to a person; quite, quite different. Faith turned away, at the door, and looked down again to the harbor, almost dark now save for the rim of lights at the water front. Captain Joseph was late. Possibly a ship had come in, and he was detained at the office. For Joseph Bodney was owner as well as master, and more ships than his own Hildebrand left the island on his ventures.

As Faith stood, one hand on the polished brass door knob, there was a deliberate step on the path, the moving coal of a lighted cheroot. Captain Bodney mounted the three stone steps without haste, and put his arm around his wife without sign of surprise.

"Lilacs are in bloom, Joseph," she told him. It was the most important happening of the day.

"And you out for a chill, smelling 'em in your flimmery, eh?" He raised and let fall the lace on her loose sleeve. "The Mandragora's in," he added, pushing wider the dark door.

TO HIM it meant—a good ship's in, a hundred and three days from Hongkong; silk, and tea, and spices—money. To her it meant only—Nathan's in. And a wave of revolt and apprehension, that she had somehow kept back since her marriage, toppled and broke above her. She slipped past her husband to the foot of the curving stairs.

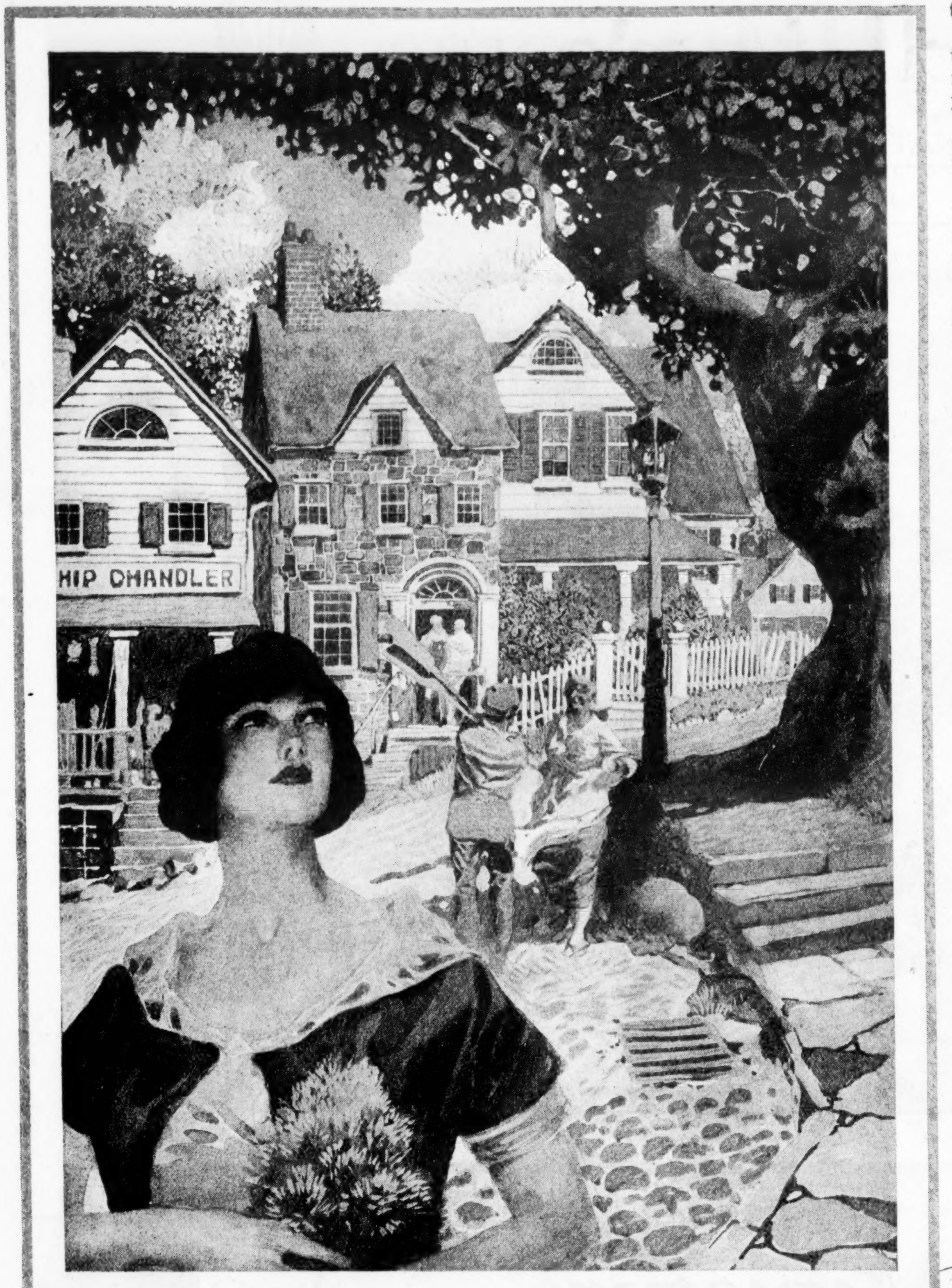
"My shoes *did* get wet in the dew; I must change them, Joseph, before supper."

She was off up the steps, her white hand flitting beside her on the smooth mahogany balustrade.

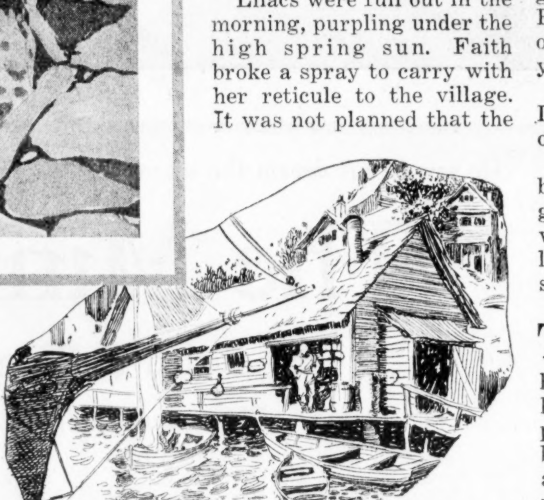
"Lilac smell never mended a cold in the head!" Captain Bodney called after her. "Look smart, now—Hannah's clacking the crockery already."

It was only a moment, but it gave her time to look again down to the harbor from her window that faced east, and see the gleam that meant the Mandragora's riding light; a moment to master her heart and her eyes and her voice, and come down quietly to sit at the foot of Joseph Bodney's table.

He was very substantial—and kindly too—sitting there across the reach of white linen and heavy silver, with the candlelight on his blue broadcloth coat and his fresh neckcloth, and his massive ruddy face with its crest of stiff grizzled hair. He was kind. He had always been kind to Faith, since he had brought her ugly Japanese dolls that smelled of something spicy, and playthings from beyond leagues of sea. Now he had given her a fine house for plaything—and himself. No, she was not so sure of that; she was more *his* toy. But, then, he wouldn't sit there always—so solid and masterful in the candlelight. There would be another voyage; there always was. A year or two—maybe three; she would have the house, and the lilacs, and the garden, and the sea, all to herself. That was one thing about the island; the men didn't stay at home long enough to be tiresome. Of course, it wouldn't be so nice



Faith went down the dusty hill to the village. She did not plan to meet Nathan; indeed, she feared it



if you loved a man—wanted him to be there always, always. But if you *didn't*—Captain Bodney had stayed ashore much longer than usual, this time; perhaps because of his marriage, and putting the fine house in shape for womenfolk.

"When will the Mandragora go out again?" Would that make him think she was interested in his business?

"Just as soon as she refits. Nathan Randall's smart. He made nigh a record this trip. Faith, I've meant to tell you, but I've kept it for a surprise, like. I've made my last voyage. I'm leaving it to the young blood and the hot head, now. When a man's my age, with good anchorage and as pretty a wife as you, girl—"

Captain Bodney allowed his reflections to wander pleasantly over his future, and left the sentence unfinished.

"Joseph!" Her voice was a thought too eager. "How can you say you're old! Captain Knowles sailed till he was eighty; and my father would never be ashore now if 'twasn't for his back."

He looked shrewdly at her across the cloth. "Ready to have me gone so soon, Faith?" he said. "No, no. I can't manage my affairs from the high seas. D'ye realize Bodney and Blake have five ships under the blue flag now? Eben Blake's head is nigh as wooden as the office stool. It's time I dropped anchor down yonder in the warehouse."

He wagged a square finger toward the eastern window as he rose, fumbling with the other hand for his after-supper cheroot.

Hannah had lighted candles in the drawing room, and Faith drew up her sewing box beneath a sconce and took her needlework. She was hemstitching squares of fine linen for Joseph's handkerchiefs. With her smooth head bent above the minute stitches, perhaps he could not see the consternation in her face. No more voyages! Every day—every night—no release nor escape. Night was made for peace. She should have enjoyed it so alone—with a cool pillow and the lilac smell coming with the salt air at the window. And yet he was so kind. Before he had always been like a sort of uncle.

He stood beside her, looking down at her quick, moving fingers. "Beats me how you can set 'em so small," he said. "Such little hands, I guess. I'd make poor shift to hold anything less than a sail needle!"

He bent to turn over the bits and spools in her workbox, and drew out a little leather case made to hold something small and precious.

"What's this, eh? Something you wouldn't show me? A present from some young spark, I'll be bound."

"Of course you may see it, Joseph. I thought you had, long ago."

He snapped open the case, revealing a small locket miniature of Faith herself—a somewhat younger Faith, with childhood scarcely given way to girlhood in the fresh, ivory-delicate face.

"Why! 'Tis the little you! The little one I brought trinkets to from over yonder! Faith, this is too pretty to truck around in a mess of spools and strings. I must pocket this."

"Joseph—dear!" The sewing dropped to her lap. "It was painted for my mother, and it always lay here in the corner of her workbox. I'd be loth, somehow, to have it elsewhere."

He stood holding it carefully, as if it had been a little living thing.

"I won't make off with it, then. Why'n't we hang it up where both can see it?"

And he slipped the ribbon over the sconce, and, leaving the locket open, let it dangle against the flowered wallpaper.

"Prettier posy than them around it," he said, laying a hard, strong hand beneath her chin—so that she smiled up at him perforce.

Lilacs were full out in the morning, purpling under the high spring sun. Faith broke a spray to carry with her reticule to the village. It was not planned that the flowers should match her lavender cashmere gown—she did not even notice it. Just for the pleasure of carrying sweetness in her hand down the dusty hill did she pick the lilac spray.

"Artful!" said one neighbor, looking between starched curtains to the roadway, and: "The Mandragora and Nathan Randall're in," said another, hot and cross from baking-day.

NEITHER did Faith plan to meet Nathan; indeed, she feared it. But meet him she did—passing the door of the custom house. He ran down the steps, his hair blowing back as he pulled off his hat. But his face was more sober than his step. There were plenty of people to tell him, Faith knew.

"Won't you walk down to the wharf head and see how pretty the Mandragora lies?" He did not even greet her, his haste was so great. "Like a bird asleep on the water. Just that—a tired bird."

They walked slowly down the cobbled wharf street to the end, where Chinese and lascar sailors wrestled with cargo, and straw-covered bales sent out warm odors in the sun. They did not even look where the Mandragora lay.

"Why did you do it, Faith?" Nathan said. "I didn't dream it would be all different when I got back. You didn't just *say* you'd wait, but somehow I figured you would."

"It was father, Nat. He made me. The great house and all—Why, he almost took a marlinespike to me; a regular deep-sea fury. I was afraid of both of them, Nat. Oh, if you hadn't been so far away, I might have dared to say no."

"You wouldn't have had to. I'd have said it for you, and you'd have sailed on the Mandragora." His young gray eyes went sharp and cold. "Are you afraid of Bodney now?"

"Not exactly afraid; just very tired. Oh, Nat—I supposed he'd go away, like all of them. But he's done voyaging, he says. He's settling down—owner and merchant—for ever and ever and ever."

"Can't you care for him at all?" Nathan was ready to kill his employer if her answer was negative.

"I think I respect him. I always have. He's very generous. But somehow I can't believe it isn't right to still care for you—more."

Nathan flung out his hands, inarticulate. "If you'd only waited. I'd have carried you off—sailed from under their very eyes. Faith—I'll do it still, if you'll come!"

"You couldn't, now, Nat. It would be sin. I'm married to Captain Bodney."

"What does *that* matter?" At the horror and grief in her face he grew gentle. "I've seen so many things, Faith, that we call sin, made right in other lands. I forgot. The island's your world."

"Don't mock me for that, Nathan. I've never had a chance to know more of it."

"Mock you, Faith!" He took his hat between his hands, and stood looking gravely at her. "The island's your world, I say. I wish to God I'd never left it, if I could have kept you by staying."

THE hill was long and hot to climb in the noon. The lilac bough she still held was withered and drooping. "I'd have done better never to pluck the poor pretty," she thought, dropping it beside the gate. Captain Bodney was already home for dinner, and stood waiting for her at the door.

"Late from your marketing my dear. I hoped you'd maybe put your pretty head in at the office and brighten the sums for your husband."

"I'd no time."

"Time to stand staring to nowhere with Nathan Randall casting sheep's eyes upon you?"

"Joseph!" Faith put on a very pretty indignation. "He was showing me the Mandragora. I thought you liked Nathan. You say he's a smart sailor."

"Smart sailors ain't always likely landsmen." He was adjusting his neckcloth at the long hall mirror, watching her in the glass.

"Nathan and I have been good friends ever since we were tiny," said Faith, pouting.

"I choose my wife's friends now," he said, turning on her with a slow, calm straightening of the mouth. As she ran upstairs she felt suddenly a tremor of the fear she had denied. . . .

She did not see Nathan again till the Mandragora was ready to sail. Often she halted by her father's sanded path, pretending to set aright the fence vines that had

(*Continued on page 24*)

I'm Going to Sell My Vote

By David W. Moore

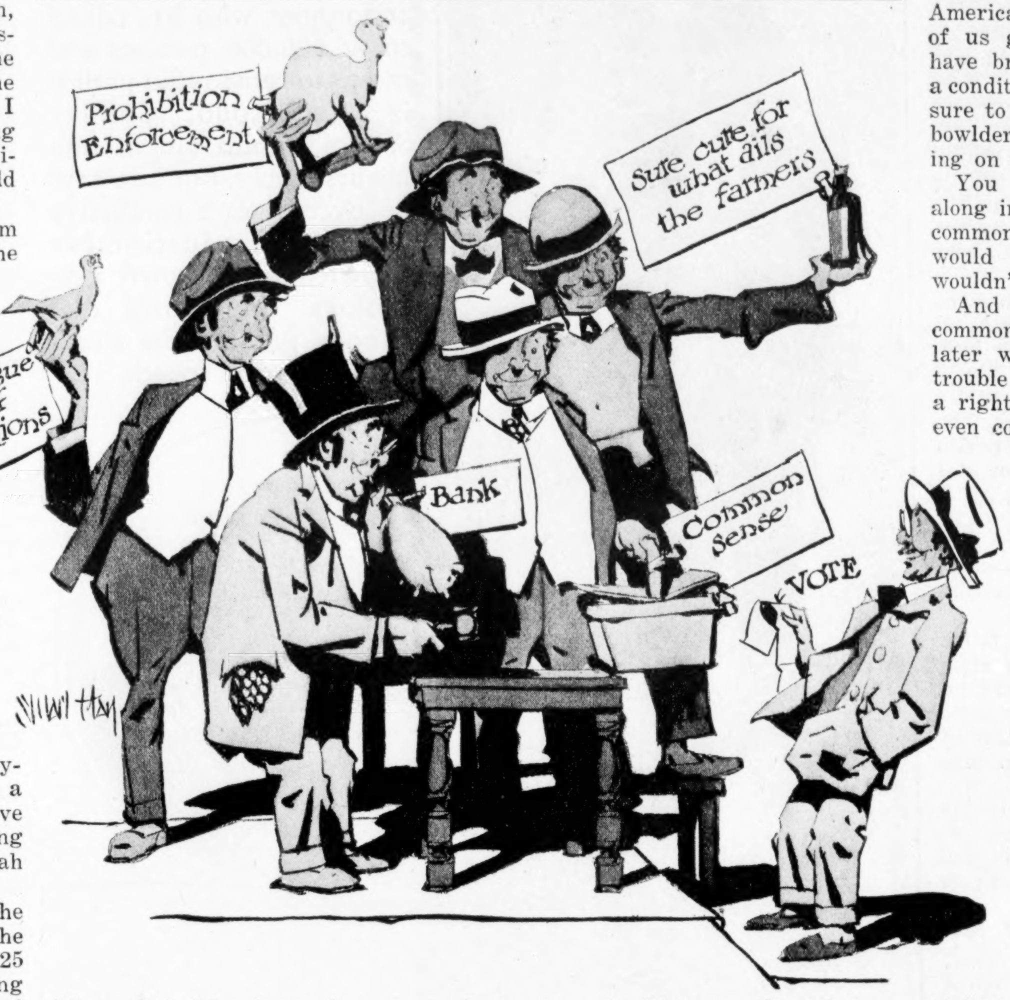
Illustrated by Stuart Hay

Jacob's mess of pottage will not satisfy the appetite of this voter who demands when he "sells his vote" a package of common sense. For he thinks the candidate who pays in this coin will be honest, economical, wise; and he offers to buy this kind of leader with a little vote.

I FEEL the need of saying something, and I am going to say that I intend to sell my vote, that I have sold it in the past at every election, and also that I have sometimes sold it at piffling prices. I shall sell it either to the Democrats or to the Republicans. Back in the dim ages when Hayes and Tilden, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, and Bryan waged their historic fights my family was known as one of the Republican bulwarks of the county—at least, of the township. I remember an old uncle of mine saying that my father was a "blind Republican." My father retorted that old Uncle Ned was a "deaf Democrat."

But times have changed, and I am a mercenary vote peddler, getting the best price I can find and asking no questions as to brands. I have learned that no matter whether we think so or not we are selling our votes, and that it is simply a matter of common sense to get the best price. Further, we have more need of watching closely all the available sources of income. Our taxes are high and must be paid. Our grocer charges as if he were establishing a precedent by which war indemnities are to be paid. The boy has to have $50 electric trains, $200 radio sets, when he used to be happy with something that cost $1. And my wife needs more money too. Instead of buying a couple of decks of cards and a few tally sheets, she now has to have a $50 Mah Jong outfit, with Mah Jong curtains, Mah Jong furniture and Mah Jong this and that.

And when I want work done in the yard, on the car, on the roof, on the furnace, or on the what-not, it is $1.25 an hour. It seems that everything is $1.25 an hour. So, you see, I need money, and I must place a high price on my vote.



The political hucksters have a tough customer in this man who wants something worth while for his vote

My vote, one deep black crayon mark, without any qualifying conditions, is available this next November to the political party that will make me the best offer. (I believe I can swing the other voting half of the household, but can't promise it.)

I don't ask money. I wouldn't be so crude as that. I do not ask a contingency fee. I am not an attorney, and I have no influence. I have only a vote for sale.

But I do ask very definite things. First, I want a large package of good, sound, first-class, negotiable common sense. And I might say right here that I also want a lot of the good old-fashioned sense of humor mixed in with it.

Better Not Try to Fool Me!

THIS first item, if I can get it in sufficient quantity, will buy my vote. I don't see any cause for worry about other things if my candidate has this. If he has common sense, then he'll be honest as a matter of course.

With common sense he'll bring down taxes; he'll handle leases right; he'll treat farmers as business men and not as children; he'll spend money for something of tangible value and not merely to provide commissions for friends. He'll give me a square deal, because common sense will tell him that I'm trusting him and that he'd be a fool to try to put over anything on me.

I want to listen to the fine old stuff that made Webster and Calhoun and Patrick Henry popular with the town boys. I don't want the candidate to believe for a moment that he can sling me a few fine phrases and wave the flag a couple of times and make me forget what I want. It's common sense!

We average American citizens are not as gullible as we used to be. We don't vote against a nurseryman, we'll say, simply because we think he'd be a grafter in office. We don't vote against bankers because we think they'd corral all the money in circulation. We don't vote against the rich man because we fear he'll sneer at us. In short, we don't vote as foolishly as some of the checker-vested politicians probably think.

We've been patient these last several months. We've listened calmly to a lot of claptrap and also to a lot of genuine stuff. We've been sorting the chaff out from the wheat, and we are not going to do anything hurriedly. We're not going to dynamite the whole town just because one house has smallpox in it.

But we are entirely over the old idea that if he's a Republican, or, if he's a Democrat, he's a saint, or a sinner, as the case may be. We don't give a rap whether his name appears under the eagle or the rooster. He must be a candidate that is worthy if he gets our vote.

And, instead of giving our votes away, as we so often have done, or selling them for a mess of pottage, we are going to sell them for something worth while. We're going to be hard-fisted, mercenary, and cold. We're selling the only thing we have to sell politically, and with it we must buy all of the national government we're going to get for four years more. It is as if we were starting out with our slim purse and market basket some Saturday morning to buy groceries to last us for four years. You're dead right! We'd buy carefully and we wouldn't let anybody pull the wool over our eyes.

We know that if we want lower taxes during this period of four years we've got to buy them this fall. The same is true of economy in governmental affairs, sound foreign policies, sane administration of laws, sanity in new laws, and so on.

And the only thing we've got to buy it with is that little vote.

Strange things have been happening in politics. We men who used to vote for Jim Fitnitney because he happened to hand us a nickel cigar, or because he sent us garden seeds, have become hard-hearted and also hard-boiled in our attitude toward candidates.

But there is one thing I am going to try to do, and I hope other vote-sellers will consider. I am going after the essentials.

By "essentials" I have in mind government that will treat us all alike; that will give us a square deal, and a chance; a government that won't have any pets or make any runts.

It's like the two tramps. One of them was boasting how he had secured a meal without working for it. "An' I gits me a piece o' pie too, Bo."

The other bum jumped to his feet. "Say, you big stiff, you lay off that there dessert idea, you hear? You'll kill th' bummin' business if'n you're goin' t' be a hog about it!"

And that's just the way we average American citizens should feel. If some of us get dessert, then others won't have bread and meat, and when such a condition as that exists there is pretty sure to be some sort of upheaval, with bowlders and pieces of broken rock falling on the heads of the dessert eaters.

You see, this business of getting along in politics is simply a matter of common sense. If all the fellows would look at it that way, there wouldn't be anything to worry about.

And if the political leaders had the common sense to realize that sooner or later we're bound to cause a peck of trouble if we don't get what we have a right to expect, then they wouldn't even consider pulling any high-handed work on us.

Take Calvin Coolidge. He got into the White House on a rain check. He was right there on the top of the world, easing along, when a bomb burst about two and one-half inches southwest of his right eye. It looked mighty black for him, black and muddy—and also icy. He didn't have a thing to say. And Calvin Coolidge pulled himself out of just about the tightest ninth-inning crisis any political pitcher ever had to face. He had common sense.

Yes, I'll sell my vote this fall, and I'll sell it to the man who can show me the right kind of platform, the right kind of record to make his word worth something, and the right kind of gang around him handling the cars. I want a man who'll keep his hands off the country and his head on the country. I want a man who has gumption enough to realize that we've got to have big and little business both, big and little men both, farmers and city men both—and that every mother's son of them has to live and breathe and try to be happy after a fashion.

Such a man will give me lower taxes, better business, better values for the money I have to spend, better chances for my savings to earn something substantial for me—and finally, he will make this nation a better place for my boy to grow up and live.

My Price—Take It or Leave It

I HAVE in mind several fellows who seem to be well supplied with common sense. Further, I'm quite willing to name some of them. There's Calvin Coolidge. There's John H. Clark. There's Brand Whitlock. There's Charles E. Hughes. There's Herbert Hoover. There's Helen M. Dawes.

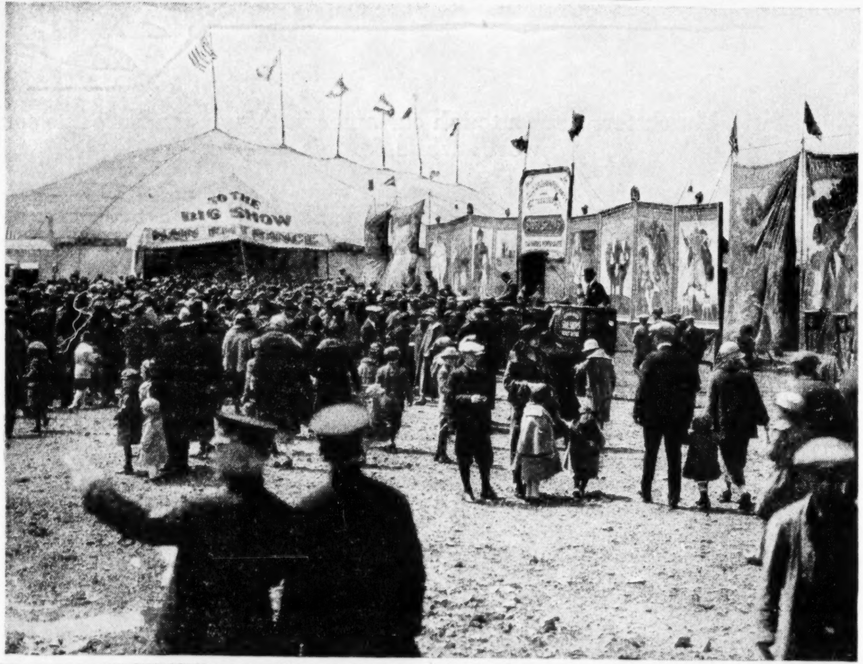
I could name others, but these will get my idea over.

Gosh, how'd I'd like to see such a man as any of these put up by his respective party, then against him place one of the smart chaps, the tricky, know-it-all fellows (he'll probably be antiprohibitionist). I could name several, but I won't. I'd like to see the race between two such. The result would be something like a comparison between my income and that of Henry Ford. That's what I call a real opportunity to sell my vote in the right way.

How the Boss Ballyhooer Holds 'Em

By Earl Chapin May

He never gets red in the face. He never shouts. Who? Lew Graham, official circus announcer, who has talked to 86,000,000 persons and means to resist radio until it is 100,000,000. "Sunday School" Smith taught him his first tricks, but Lew says he overcomes a combative audience by instinctive knowledge of crowd psychology. He sensed that nobody goes to the circus to listen to a speech.



Parents who like to preserve their dignity won't admit that they get as excited as their children when the big tent is set up. But they do. Above is Lew Graham—an institution

LEW GRAHAM was an institution when I was a boy. I have seen and heard him demonstrate ever since I can remember. So have you.

He is and has been for thirty-four years the official circus announcer.

His job is to catch and hold the attention of an audience of from 5,000 to 15,000 circus fans solely with his voice and personality. Until he appears alone before them these fans have been distracted by the urgent necessity of looking five ways at once "in order not to miss any of the show." But when Lew stands in the middle of Madison Square Garden, or in the center of the great circus tent on the road, he compels the audience to concentrate on him.

I begged him to tell me how he did it. Lew balked. He's had all the glory he wants. Finally he loosened up.

"It's partly inheritance, partly training, and partly horse sense," he said. "I was born to good health fifty-seven years ago in the capital of the world, Crawfordsville, Ind. Another Lew, Lew Wallace, came from there, you remember. My kidhood was much like any other—baseball, birds' nests, and the old swimmin' hole.

"At the age of twenty-two I found myself with a circus. William Henshaw, of Hager and Henshaw, and Sam 'Sunday School' Smith taught me some of the tricks of the circus orator. I began on the ballyhoo for the side show.

The ballyhoo man's job is to get the people into the side show before or after they have been in the big show. But there's more to it than that. He must exercise some control over the movements of that mass.

Can't Beat Him—Coming or Going

"IF THERE is a big crowd on the lot and it looks like rain, the outside or side-show ballyhoo artist must, by his oratory, push the crowd into the big show before falling rain drives them home. The side show is only an adjunct—the big show is the thing. If the weather is really threatening, and it looks as if there might be a dangerous blow coming, the side-show ballyhoo man, from his platform, must hold the crowd's attention so they won't go inside. After the crowd comes out of the big show performance—afternoon or night—the side show ballyhoo man must hang on to them and get them into the side show even though they are probably tired from having seen so much. He must control his audience coming and going.

"Acting as official announcer in the big show performance is a different job, although to hold it the announcer must understand mass psychology just as the side-show ballyhoo man does. Your inside crowd is excited by the multiplicity of sights and sounds. That's what it came for. It's excited by the stirring music of the circus band, by the sight of twenty-five tigers or thirty-eight elephants performing simultaneously. It is excited by the dangerous feats of the aerial performers, by the simultaneous appearance of four, five, or twenty acts in or on the various rings or stages, or in the air above them. Then I come.

"The circus audience does not pay its good money to listen to a speech. It prefers to get its oratory at a political meeting, a Chautauqua session or in a church. The show's the thing with the crowd at a circus. So, when my time comes to make any one of the eleven announcements assigned to me on the Ringling program I have a lot of resistance to overcome.

"I overcome this resistance first by faith in and command over myself. The whole theory and practice of the American circus program is opposed to any kind of wait. The program is made out with the principal purpose of avoiding waits. I am a wait, personified. The minute the audience sees me 'stopping the show' it resents it. I am fundamentally unpopular. My work is cut out for me. I must know, within myself, that I can overcome this hostility before I raise my hand and voice to arrest attention.

"Although the 'business' of my part is frequently changed I nearly always use the same attention-arresting line:

"'And now, ladies and gentlemen!'

"This has to be delivered slowly, as I do all my lines, otherwise it would never get across the auditorium to the audience. I cannot go farther until I have complete attention. How do I know when I have that attention? I sense it. I can tell to the second when I may proceed with my announcement. Sometimes I must repeat my attention-arresting lines, just as any advertising man or salesman must. Then come the more or less familiar lines:

"'The most brilliant of the entire constellation of the galaxy of stars, Miss Leitzel!' Or 'The dainty, dancing marvel of the wire, Barta Beesen!' Or 'The supreme and soul-stirring moment when all eyes are upon—' etc.

"Although few persons suspect it, there is a nice trick in the choice of words when the official announcer is trying to hold the attention of an unwilling circus audience and focus that attention upon some individual act or stunt. This is one reason I change my style so often. I usually do this intuitively, without plan or preparation.

"It would be difficult for me to tell you just why I make these changes. To a certain extent all circus crowds are alike. Ten thousand circus fans in the coal country of Pennsylvania show very much the same reactions as ten thousand circus fans in the wheat country of Minnesota. Yet it requires a little different attack each time I try to hold them. And my time, for each announcement, is limited to one minute. I lose some time in getting attention. So, you see, I must pick my words with great care.

"I have said that in a general way all crowds are alike, but I should add that the college crowd is decidedly different. College boys are natural-born hecklers. They love to kid anything or anybody. The circus official announcer is their meat. The Yale students at New Haven are especially hard for me to handle, especially after I have made one or two announcements and they have me spotted.

"Is There a Doctor Here?"

"I ONCE beat them at their own game by the messenger trick. The students had kidded me pretty hard on the second announcement. When I came on the center stage for the third I knew they were laying for me. Just as I raised my hand to get attention and they raised their voices to break me up, a uniformed messenger boy came running to me. He handed me a telegram. I opened it, again raised my hand, and announced: 'There is a message here for Homer Thompson.' The audience became silent. I glanced at the message. 'I am requested to read it,' I went on. It says: 'You are all advised to stay for the concert. Tickets fifty cents each.' The students stopped me after that, but I had put my message across.

"There are certain towns where circus concert or after-show announcements are prohibited by popular vote. Topeka, Kan., is, or was, one of these towns. It was and is part of my job to make a concert announcement. So I framed it up at Topeka with Joe La Fleur, the then famous back diver. Joe used to dive backward from a ladder, land on his head and hands, do a series of flipflops, and make his bow. This time at Topeka, while I stood near him on the center stage, Joe pretended to land wrong and lay on the stage all doubled up. I bent over to examine him, then stood up and asked so all might hear: 'Is there a doctor in the audience?' Several doctors arose. 'We want you all to stay for the concert after the big show,' I told them, and got away with it.

"Sometimes, to meet a difficult situation, I have dressed up as a ringmaster, led the principal lady bareback rider into the ring, and, while apparently introducing her, have put my announcement over.

"In Madison Square Garden I wear the orthodox afternoon dress in the afternoon and full evening dress for the evening performances. On the road I usually appear in a business suit. I try to dress the part to fit the circumstance, but in my case I doubt if dressing makes much difference in the way the audience receives me."

No Singing Teacher for Lew

LEW GRAHAM now weighs 220 pounds—a little less than he has weighed in other years. He is six feet tall and he measures 46 inches around the chest. He is not a heavy eater, is temperate in his habits. He smokes two or three cigars each Sunday, on a working day only one—after the night show. He has never taken singing lessons or studied under a teacher of voice control. He is seldom troubled with hoarseness and has never had bronchitis or pneumonia. His voice is as good at the end as at the beginning of a season.

In the past thirty-four years at least eighty million Americans have heeded Lew Graham's voice. During each of thirty-four consecutive circus seasons Lew Graham has "announced" twice each day for approximately 170 days. The average attendance for each circus season is, approximately, a known quantity. This table will, therefore, give a good idea of Lew Graham's vocal prowess:

Barnum & Bailey Circus

1890-1899, inclusive:
10 seasons of 170 days, each......
Average daily attendance, 10,000..
10,000 × 170 = 1,700,000 × 10 17,000,000

Ringling Brothers' Circus

1900-1912, inclusive:
13 seasons of 170 days, each......
Average daily attendance, 15,000..
15,000 × 170 = 2,550,000 × 13 33,150,000

Ringling Brothers' Circus
(Under Enlarged "Big Top")

1913-1918, inclusive:
6 seasons of 170 days, each.......
Average daily attendance, 17,500..
17,500 × 170 = 2,975,000 × 6 17,850,000

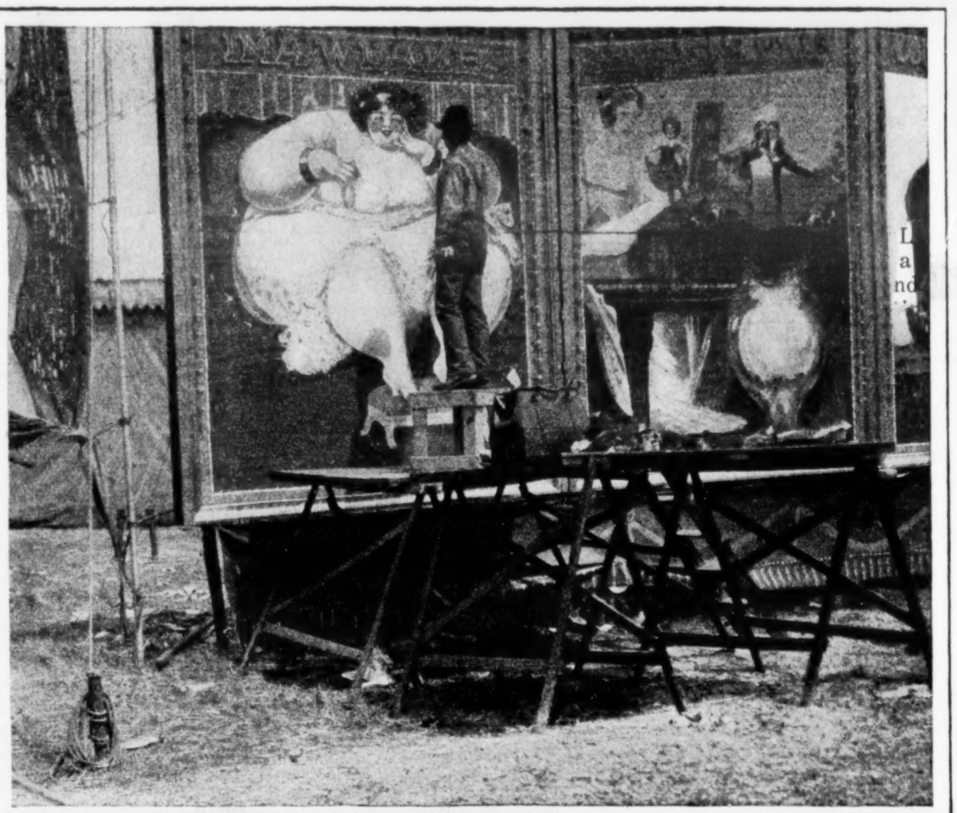
Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Shows Combined

1919-1923, inclusive:
5 seasons of 170 days, each.......
Average daily attendance, 22,000..
22,000 × 170 = 3,740,000 × 5 18,700,000

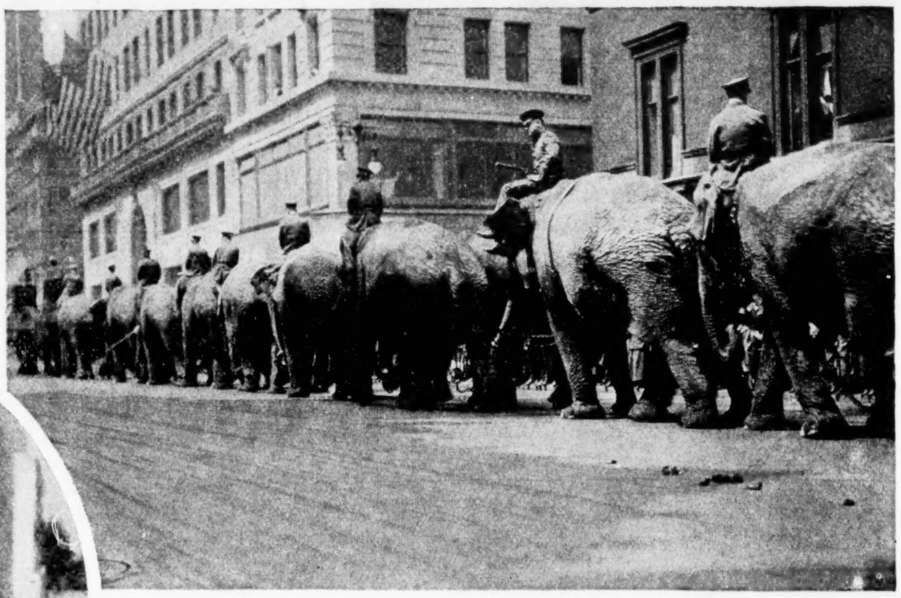
Grand total for thirty-four seasons...86,700,000

This does not include the season of 1924, which, as this is written, is unfinished. Nor does it include the three winter seasons at the Olympic, London, which is almost as large as Madison Square Garden. Nor does it include the winter's campaign in Chicago when, in conjunction with Sidney Smith of "Andy Gump" fame, Lew talked the Chicagoans into buying a half million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds.

Nor, most important of all, does it include the hundreds of thousands during each of the many circus seasons who have listened to Lew Graham's sideshow oratory and have left the lot without seeing the big show, largely because they didn't have the price. For, until last season, Lew did his regular "inside announcements" for the big show and also put in from four to six hours each day ballyhooing outside for the side show. And his voice has never failed him! It's a pleasant, musical voice, too. And he has never used a megaphone!



Painting the fat lady as a poster to help the ballyhoo men lure you in to see the Queen of Adiposia



Cumbrous as the big beasts certainly are, Lew Graham has never yet insulted the elephants by calling them pachyderms

The official announcer with the circus is a personage of parts to all our people. He "doubles" in many ways. On the morning parade he rides upon a gilded cage and in stentorian tones warns the natives to "Look out for yer hosses, the elyphunts are comin'," or did until motor cars replaced horses on the village streets.

If there is any sign of panic within the big top his voice is the voice of one crying in the wilderness of fear, beseeching all within his hearing to "Be quiet, peepul. There is no danger!"

If there is a national election on and the mob cannot see the bulletin flashes on the white sheet, it is the circus official announcer who is drafted to tell the folks what the news dispatches say about which party is about to save the country. Lew did such a stunt in the old Chicago Coliseum, since burned, on the night when McKinley was elected to the presidency. He stilled and held that mob for hours, without a megaphone or any aid to his natural voice. He was Town Crier to the presidential election.

At Paris, Texas, one day the Ringling Brothers had so many customers in town that Lew was detailed to ride through the streets after the parade and beg the towners to remain away until the country folks could take in the afternoon performance. The Town Crier sorted the country sheep from the city goats.

Some day some historian will arise and write the life of Lew, last of the great town criers.

Radio is His Only Rival

"I THINK my voice has stayed by me all these years," says Lew, "because the first man I worked under taught me to talk from my diaphragm. I never shout. I never get red in the face. I have little more trouble in filling the big tent of the circus than I do in making you hear me in ordinary conversation. I've worked for years in the open or under the tent in all kinds of weather. I've been wet pretty often and sometimes I've stayed wet for hours at a time, but I have made it a rule of life to keep dry whenever possible. That's plain common sense. I have rubber boots and a rubber coat handy at all times, and I stay out of the wet when I can.

"Talking in the open air has done as much as anything else to preserve my voice. Open air will never hurt you if you keep your body in decent condition. I have never been a dissipated man and I use common sense about what I eat. Give your body a fair chance and it will back you up. I've never had a case of bronchitis or pneumonia or pleurisy in all these years. I've kept my body clean and my mind clear of worry—which is one form of fear. So I'm still fit as a fiddle."

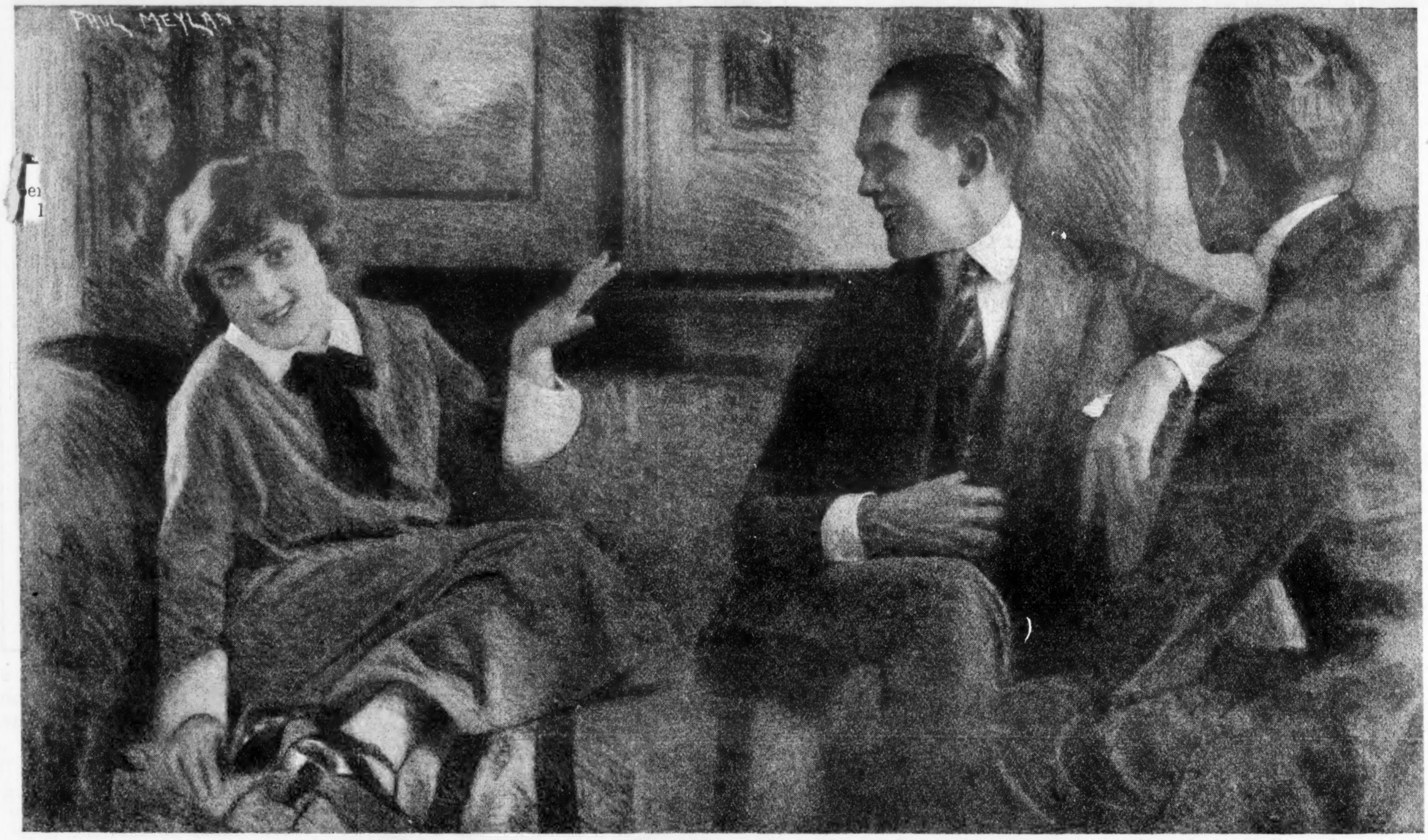
Lew is hard as nails and looks sounder than when I first saw him decades ago.

"How long will you continue to be an official announcer?" I asked him.

"I'll talk about that after I have reached my hundred million mark," he answered as he strode into the arena to announce "the daring, death-defying, upside-down equilibrium of the man who slides from the tent top on his head—Hilary Long!"

Lew will probably reach his hundred million mark before he is gathered to his fathers, but I doubt if he does it without the aid of science. He is beginning to slip, not physically but scientifically. Last season he began to give random talks over the radio. He is becoming a radio fan. The next time I see him in the big top I suppose he will have some new-fangled scientific apparatus through which his marvelous voice will be sent to all corners of the crowded tents. Other and lesser official announcers will follow suit. That will be a pity. But our preachers, Presidents, auctioneers, orators, Chautauquaites, and spellbinders in general are resorting to scientific assistance, so why not Lew?

It is only a question of months before Lew and all his kind will be permanently attached to amplifiers, headsets, loud speakers, and other twentieth century scientific appliances. When that time comes we shall have heard the last of the old town criers. But Lew Graham will have left a world's record. For no living man has reached so many persons with the natural voice, and in all probability no man will ever so speak to so many persons again.



"We are not very good cooks," Charlie told Dorothy Dee frankly. "Almost anybody could get our breakfasts better than we could"

Home Is Where the Heart Is

By Elmer Davis

Illustrated by Paul Meylan

"YOU can't get around it," says Charlie Akins one Sunday evening—"a fellow needs a home."

We were walking down Broadway after dinner at a sixty-cent table d'hote (this was back in those days when you could still get a dinner for sixty cents).

"Who is she?" I says, for this was the first time he had given utterance to such sentiments in my hearing.

"There is no woman in my life," says Charlie. "What I meant, Bill, was that on a hot evening like this it would be nice if you and I could go back to our own apartment and sit down on our own furniture and talk about one thing and another, instead of havin' to separate and go back to our respective hot stuffy cubbyholes in a couple of furnished-room houses. It was all right when I was clerkin' at the ice house for twelve dollars a week and you were deliverin' to customers for fourteen, but now that we've gone up in the world and got money in the bank we ought to live better. In short, Bill, suppose you and I buy some furniture and take an apartment."

Well, there was some sense in it, now that I thought it over. We had lived according to our means when we didn't have any means, but now we had graduated from the ice house and were making about fifty a week apiece, which was a fair amount of money back in those days. And the hall bedrooms were not much fun, that was a fact.

"I don't know anybody I would rather live with than you, Bill," he pursues, "because we have been friends through thick and thin and have shared our last cigarette when we were out of a job, and you have rescued me from drowning and I have paid your fine when you were pinched for smoking on the subway steps, and in short we have been closer than Damon and Pythias. Besides that and above all we keep different hours, so we would never see each other except on Sunday; and take it from one who may fairly claim to be a veteran of domestic life, that is the recipe for a happy home. Home is where the heart is, Bill. But absence makes the heart grow fonder."

WELL, the idea intrigued me, as we used to say back in those days, for my father and mother had been killed in a train wreck when I was two years old and after that I had been supported by the county.

"I have escaped from several homes myself," I tell him. "Some of them were industrial homes and some were religious homes and one was a military home, but they were all alike in that they lacked privacy. A home with only you and me in it would be a novelty and I move we try it."

"Then we will buy an evening paper and look at the unfurnished apartments to let," he says, but I stopped him.

"Wait a minute, Charlie. You have been close-mouthed about your past, but I infer from a remark you let drop just now that you have escaped from a home too. There was no reason for anyone to become reconciled with you while we were working in the ice house, but now that you are making fifty a week it is different. And I don't want to set up housekeeping with you and then have your discarded wife turn up and appeal to your chivalry to dump me."

"It was not a wife I escaped from," he explained. "I would feel that I ought to stick to a wife because she would be my own fault. But my family is not my fault. There were eight of us at home in Alabama besides the old folks—five boys and three girls. We were a fine family—all of us just about a year apart, so we were all growing up together and had an intensive home life. That was why I came North."

"Would you leave your father and mother?" I exclaimed.

"Mother had passed away," he told me, "and father is a fine man, but he had too keen a sense of responsibility for us. Besides, my oldest sister was keeping house—LuVerna, with a capital V. She's a born home-maker, LuVerna is. She's so good that all the others got out and got married and made their own homes just as quick as they could. As for me, being the last one left around the place and not knowing anybody who was willing to marry me by way of rescue, I had to come to New York."

"I'd think a strong, capable domestic woman like that would have got married herself," I told him as we picked an evening paper off the news-stand and started looking for apartments to let.

"Well, you see, it was a small town and LuVerna was pretty well known. Besides, father is quite a man down there, runs the church and more or less runs the town and so on, and nobody would have had the nerve to try to take his housekeeper away from him. He's goin' to get married again next month, to a widow with some property, and maybe after that LuVerna will let some stranger carry her off. It would have to be a stranger.

"ONCE," he continued, "she came near marrying a fellow from up North who came down there to play golf, but they got to arguing about the way she spelled her name. He didn't like that capital V, and she said she would spell her own name her own way, and that golf was a worldly game, anyway, which was often played on Sunday, especially up North where worldliness was all too common; and what with one thing and another they broke it off. . . . Now here is an ad that looks good—three rooms and kitchenette and bath, just off Times Square."

"That will be handy for me," I says, for I was in the show business then.

"And not so bad for me," says Charlie. "It is about twenty blocks from my office, but I can walk it of a morning and breathe in the fresh air. Bill, let's go over and take a look at this place—it's only sixty-five a month." (This was back in those days, of course).

So I take the paper from him and look at the address—

"Why, yes," I says, "I know that house. Dorothy Dee lives there."

Charlie didn't know Dorothy Dee but he had heard a lot about her because she had a bit in the musical show for which I was then doing publicity. About all she had to do was to wear a lot of clothes in the first act and not wear a lot of clothes in the second act, but she did both with great distinction, and, in short, anybody could see that Dorothy was on the way up. But although she had just come out of the chorus and might have been expected to throw a manner, she was a good kid and wouldn't mind giving us the low-down on the house, if there was anybody with an all-night phonograph or anything of the sort. So I proposed we go over and take a look at this apartment and another look at Dorothy, and he agreed.

WELL, we looked at the apartment, and it seemed to be just about what we wanted, and then we went upstairs and took a look at Dorothy, who by chance lived in the apartment right above. She was at home, it being Sunday night, and I saw at once that probably she was going to be just about what Charlie wanted too. If he had been a lonely orphan like me, he would have fallen for her hard, but the memory of home life was still too strong. So he contented himself with telling her that he had often seen her from out in front, which was not true, and had often begged me to bring him to call on her, but that I was jealous and wouldn't, so he had invented the apartment as a subterfuge.

"Still, now that we have seen it," he says, "and know that we would have good neighbors and everything, we think we will take it."

"It is not a very domestic house," she warns us. "There are people going in and out all night."

"So long as they go in and out of their own apartments and not ours that is all right with us," I says.

"Well, I am glad you boys feel that way," says Dorothy, "for it would be convenient for me, maybe, if you would move in. Did you figure on getting your own breakfast in the kitchenette?"

"We are not very good cooks," says Charlie frankly. "Almost anybody could get our breakfasts better than we could."

"Still, it would cost you a good deal more if you went out to a restaurant," she says, "and would not be so convenient either. Well, now that I have some lines to speak and my name on the program on a line by itself instead of way down with the among-those-present, I feel that I must have a maid. Only Bill knows how much I get, so there is no use putting on a front before him, and I might as well admit that I can't afford her. I have a colored girl who is a good cook and a successful though reluctant dishwasher and will even submit to pushing the vacuum cleaner if compelled. She saves me work and lends class to my establishment, but though I only have her of mornings she costs me fifteen dollars a week and that is too much. If you boys would share her with me, she would not cost you any more than restaurant breakfasts, and you would be much better fed."

"That sounds well," Charlie tells her, "but maybe it is not so good an idea that we should all have breakfast together. Excuse me if I am frank, but I used to eat breakfast with my three sisters, and they did not look the way they did later after they had got around to it."

"WHERE do you get this stuff about all of us having breakfast together?" says Dorothy coldly. "Aside from considerations of propriety, we all three have different hours. This maid, Florabelle her name is, is supposed to put in a full morning's work. So she could get all three of our breakfasts one after another."

"And then, besides," says Charlie, "he and I would not have to eat breakfast together except on Sundays, which, as I was saying, is the principal ingredient of a happy home."

"You said it," Dorothy agreed with great enthusiasm. "I came from a home once myself, and it would take a lot of persuasion to get me into another."

So we rented the apartment and picked up some pretty good second-hand furniture cheap (this was back in those days, of course), and first thing you know we were installed in our bachelor apartment off Times Square and living better than either of us had ever lived before. Each of us had a bedroom, and we had breakfast in the joint living-room, and then of a Sunday we would sit around and talk about how happy we were in our little home.

Charlie said he had thought it safe to mention the address in his letters home, since Times Square had not been heard of in his part of Alabama and he had represented it as mainly a Baptist neighborhood with a sprinkling of Episcopalians. He wrote to his father regularly, having, as he said, a better appreciation of the old gentleman's good qualities when he didn't live with him, and also wanting to be mentioned in the will.

"But how do you explain about your job, Charlie?" I asked him one Sunday. He worked on a magazine called "Tingling Tales." "Hasn't this magazine been heard of in your home town?"

"IT IS the only magazine they ever heard of down there," said Charlie, "but my name does not appear on it, so that is all right. The whole town reads it—the men in the poolroom or cigar store, or down behind the garage, the girls in the privacy of the bedchamber—and nobody dreams that their old playmate has read all those stories first. No, I have told the family that I am employed on a religious publication circulating exclusively in the foreign mission field. We do not release any copies in the United States at all, I tell them, and thus escape the Federal tax."

"What is this Federal tax?" I asked.

"There is none," said Charlie, "but they do not know that back home, since none of them pay taxes anyway. Every now and then father asks me if I can give him an idea of the contents of a number without violating the law, and then I have to exercise my imagination; but all in all I get by pretty well and they are much prouder of me than when they used to see me at breakfast every morning. Or when I worked in the ice house either, for that matter."

"Those were not good days in the ice house," I said reminiscently. "Every time I hear our twenty-five-pound cake coming up on the dumb-waiter I am glad I am on the receiving and not the delivery end. I hate to say it, Charlie, but this home-making instinct seems to run in your family, for we are certainly comfortable here."

"We certainly are," said Charlie, getting up and putting on his hat, "and I hate to leave our bachelor comfort and the Sunday paper and all. But I have promised to take Dorothy down to Long Beach for a swim and dinner and a little dancing at the Trouville, and it would not be fair to keep her waiting."

I could see how he felt about that, and the worst of it was that it looked as if she felt that way too. For by this time Charlie was getting to be a regular feature of Dorothy's day, not to mention her evening. He came around to see our show three or four times a week—that was my fault partly, for it wasn't going so well, and they were beginning to paper the house—and now and then he and I would take her out and buy her a supper afterward.

I was not sure Dorothy was in it as deep as he was, for while she was kind and friendly to Charlie she was kind and friendly to me and to everybody else for that matter, partly because she was kind and friendly by nature and partly because she was a wise girl on the way up and she knew it paid. But there was no doubt about Charlie. I could see he had merely been practicing domestic life on me to see if he could stand it, and now that he knew he was strong enough he would pretty soon plunge into a home with Dorothy.

SO I was sitting thinking these melancholy thoughts—for, after all, we had been closer than Damon and Pythias and, besides, I could not afford the rent of the apartment by myself—and getting more melancholy because the unfortunate who was trying to learn the saxophone was making no progress at all, when somebody knocked at the door. Now, for one reason and another they had no hall service in our apartment house, so when you heard the doorbell you had to guess who it was. But my conscience was clear so I opened up, and there was a woman.

"This is the wrong place," I told her.

"But this is apartment 37," she said, "and it says down in the lobby that Mr. Akins and Mr. Stillwell live here."

"I'm Mr. Stillwell," I confessed, "and Mr. Akins don't expect any callers."

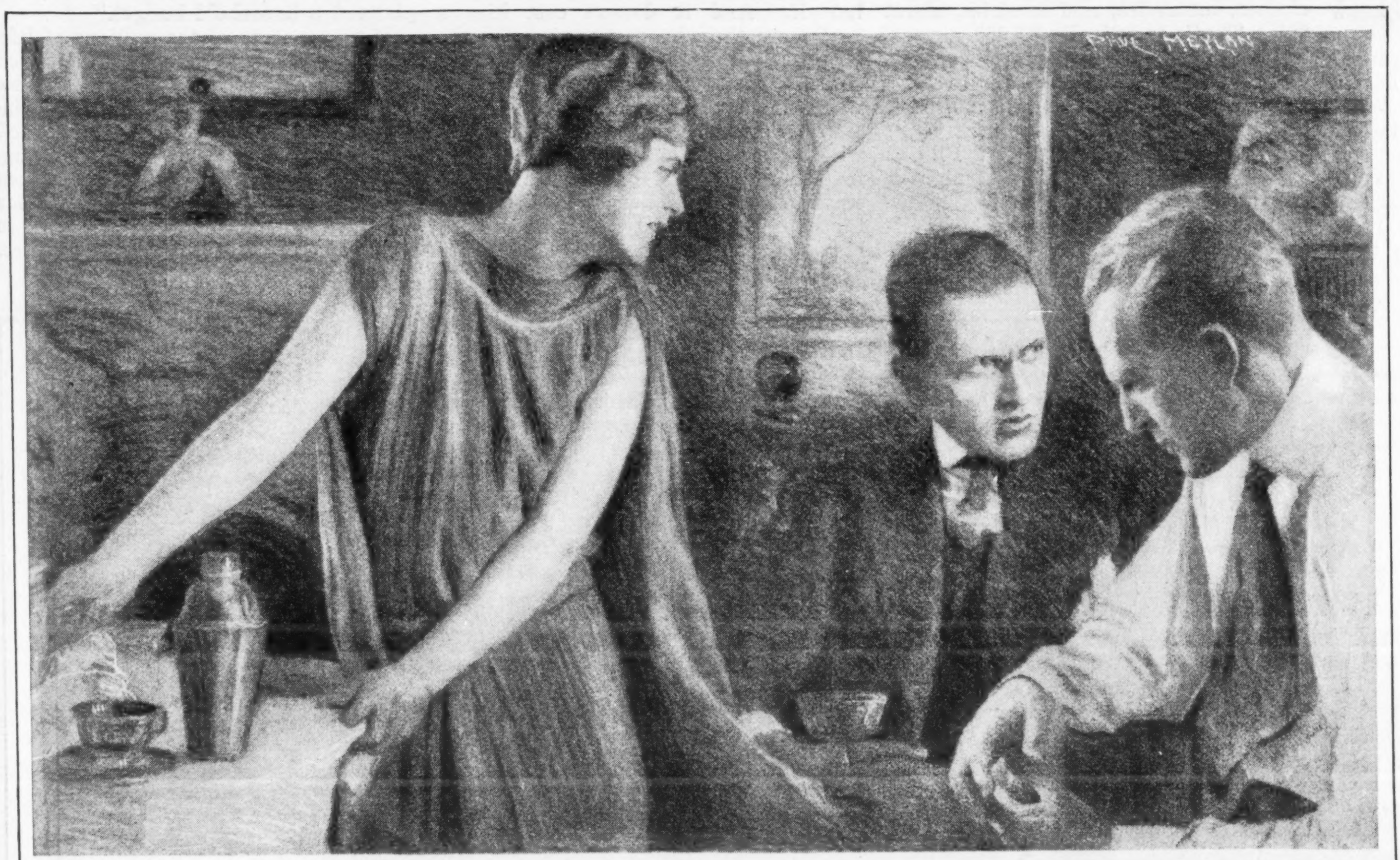
But she walked right past me and sat down, and I said to myself: Can it be he deceived me about not having had any wife?

"Why didn't you go to church with Charlie?" she says severely, and I begin to see the light.

"I slipped in the bathtub this morning and sprained my ankle," I tell her. "You're Charlie's sister, aren't you?"

"Yes," she says, "I'm LuVerna. You've heard him speak of me, of course. I was the homekeeper."

That fatal word "was" slipped past me for the moment, for I was looking her over. There was a family resemblance between her and Charlie, about like the resemblance between a Democratic politician and a cartoon of him in a Republican paper. She was a tall, thin woman with reddish hair and a reinforced concrete eye. Her face had some good points, but they were widely scattered and inharmonious in type, like the public (*Continued on page 28*)



"Where do you figure everybody is happy?" says Charlie. "I'm not. Your sacrifice has been in vain"

How Do You Buy Your Insurance?

By William Leavitt Stoddard

Why be content with the easiest trick in the life insurance man's bag? Ask him to figure out a plan which will provide real protection for your wife and schooling for the children. And after the boys grow up and can help take care of mother, wouldn't it be wise to leave her a little income of her own? She will appreciate your forethought.

"HOW'S your wife going to blow your insurance money when you die?"

"I don't know."

"How many children have you?"

"Three."

"What about their education?" persisted Thorpe, the insurance salesman.

"Well," replied young Mr. Robinson, "I hadn't thought about that. I suppose they'll get along somehow—"

"But you said you needed some more insurance. Don't you want to know what will become of it, on what it will be spent, what it will *do*?"

Robinson nodded reflectively. "I see your point," he answered. "But what's that to you? You've sold me another five thousand already."

Thorpe is a fake name for a very real insurance salesman who is doing a unique job. Instead of the usual stunt of working people up to just buying insurance, he is teaching them *how* to buy it so that it will do the most good when it's needed—which, in plain American, means after you are dead. Robinson is also a nom de plume—for you or me, the average insured man, and therefore quite real and important and desirous of knowing the simple and practical proposition about to be unfolded.

"Provide?" What Does It Mean?

IT'S just ordinary horse sense applied to buying insurance. Therefore it is front-page news for every insured man.

If you are a good citizen you are carrying as much life insurance as you possibly can afford. You have screwed yourself up to, say, $15,000 worth. When you die, your widow will receive $15,000—more money than either she or you ever saw in your lives in cash. But, unless you are the unusual man, unless my friend Thorpe has been to see you, or unless your wife has a better business head than you or most of the most successful business men, your insurance isn't actually 100 per cent protective.

The reason is that you didn't know how to buy it.

Why does a man buy life insurance? To provide for his wife and children, or for an old father and mother. What do you mean by provide? Will ten or fifteen thousand in cash take the place of the weekly pay envelope of the family bread winner? After the hospital and funeral expenses have been paid, after that outstanding note has been settled, how long will it satisfy the milkman, the groceryman, the butcher; how long will it get clothes, amusement, education, and other necessities for the youngsters as they grow up? Measure your insurance by these commodities and write your own answer.

How does a man buy life insurance? How did you buy it? When the agent wouldn't let you get away? When you were flush and thought you could carry more? Without any particular regard to planning it? More or less helter-skelter? With every good intention, of course, but helter-skelter.

Assume that you are Robinson and that Thorpe, the insurance agent, has just left your office. You look through the window a few moments, dimly visioning the future, and then, with a jerk, you switch your mind back to your desk. A pencil and paper are handy. You figure:

"My salary is $3,000. If Thorpe is right, I ought to spend 10 per cent, or $300 a year, on insurance. Can't do it—too high. But I can spend $300 if I have to. Say that will give me $15,000 worth of insurance. If I die, that will last five years—no, nearer four. And what then? Something may turn up? Yet something mightn't—and Thorpe said he could readjust my policies for me if I would figure out what the family would require. Let's see.

"This isn't altogether pleasant, but here goes. I, personally, Jack Robinson, cost each month for food, carfare, clothes, insurance, and sundries, about $75. That's practically $1,000 a year. That means that my family can get along on $2,000. Then—but wait a moment. What about that $1,500 that's due on the second mortgage next year? Thorpe said—what did he say? I'll call Thorpe in the morning and straighten the whole thing out."

Doesn't this fairly represent the dilemma of the average conscientious Jack Robinson? Note, however, that he has got the bug of dissatisfaction with his insurance, which is exactly what the progressive young Thorpe wants him to get.

"In the first place, Mr. Robinson, do you realize that you needn't run the risk of having your entire insurance money go in a lump to your wife? Give us the word and we will plan out a schedule of payments. We'll make a death payment of, say, $1,000. Then we'll hold the rest of it in trust and pay it to her every month over a period of years, so that she will get a steady income till the entire fund is exhausted. That depends on how much insurance you have and how long you want it to last.

"If you want a still more flexible arrangement, instruct us to pay your insurance to some trust company as trustee, under orders to do the same thing, with such variations as the needs of the case call for."

'Tisn't a Favor; It's a Duty

"INSURANCE," remarks Jack Robinson, "apparently has infinite variety."

"Infinite," replies Thorpe. "For example, one of my clients is a young lawyer who carries $20,000 worth. He figures that if his widow can have $200 a month for ten years, the boys will be old enough to carry on and that in all probability she can then easily support herself. And it doesn't cost him a cent more than he was paying for the $20,000 flat, with the risk that some sharper would take it away from his widow inside of six months.

"Here's another man, a manufacturer with a good deal of money. He can afford to spend a thousand a year on insurance. I worked out a beautiful plan for him. It provides for an income to his wife that increases steadily till his first child is through college. Then it decreases $100 a month and rises a year or so later to pay for the schooling of the girl. Then it decreases again to a moderate life income for the mother. It has another angle. If the man reaches the age of sixty-five, it turns into an annuity—a regular income for life. You can do most anything you want to with insurance. Why miss these opportunities when you buy it?"

The average Jack Robinson, when he really begins to view his insurance scientifically, usually discovers that he has at least one policy that is costing him too much. Take, for instance, a ten-year term policy for $5,000. Bought in the middle thirties, this costs a little over $60 a year. You can renew it for nine years at this rate. But the next ten years you will have to pay well over $100 annually, and the next still more. If you had bought a straight life policy it would cost you more than $60, but less than $100, and you'd keep on at the same rate till you died.

Dope Out Your Own Budget

WHAT happened was that the insurance agent set out to sell you a policy and he sold you the easiest trick he had in his bag. Incidentally, it was the cheapest insurance for a temporary period you could buy.

"Let me tell you something else," says Thorpe when term insurance is discussed. "You are bothered about that $1,500 mortgage that's due in two years. If you live you can meet it somehow. If you die, your house may be sold over the head of your widow to meet it. Why don't you let insurance solve this question? Take out a two-year term for $1,500. The premium is trifling. When the term is past, if you're alive, you've met the obligation and you can drop the insurance. If you die, you're covered. Got me?"

"In other words," says Mr. Robinson, "your theory is that I might just as well dope out a sort of insurance budget—exactly as I, or rather my wife, has planned a household budget."

If you are one of the millions of life-insured Americans, take an hour off some day and read your life insurance policies. This will be both new and informing. Then take another hour off and figure out what you want your family to get out of that insurance. Then go to a real insurance man and ask his assistance to readjust your policies so as to make your insurance really insure.

This is absolutely sound advice.

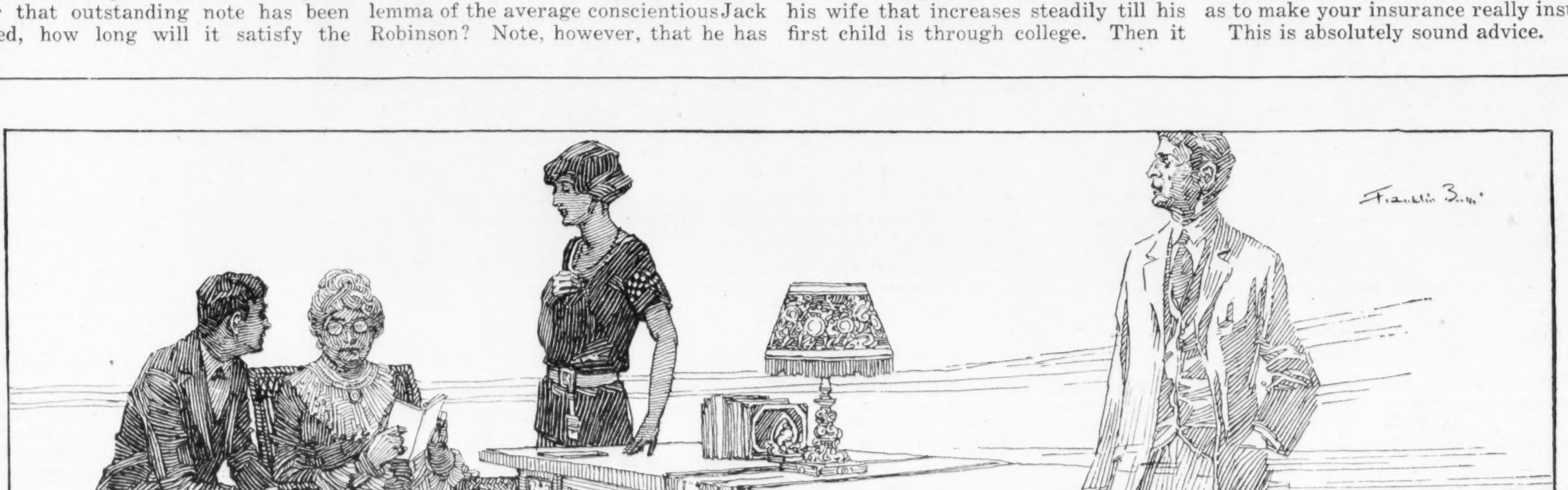
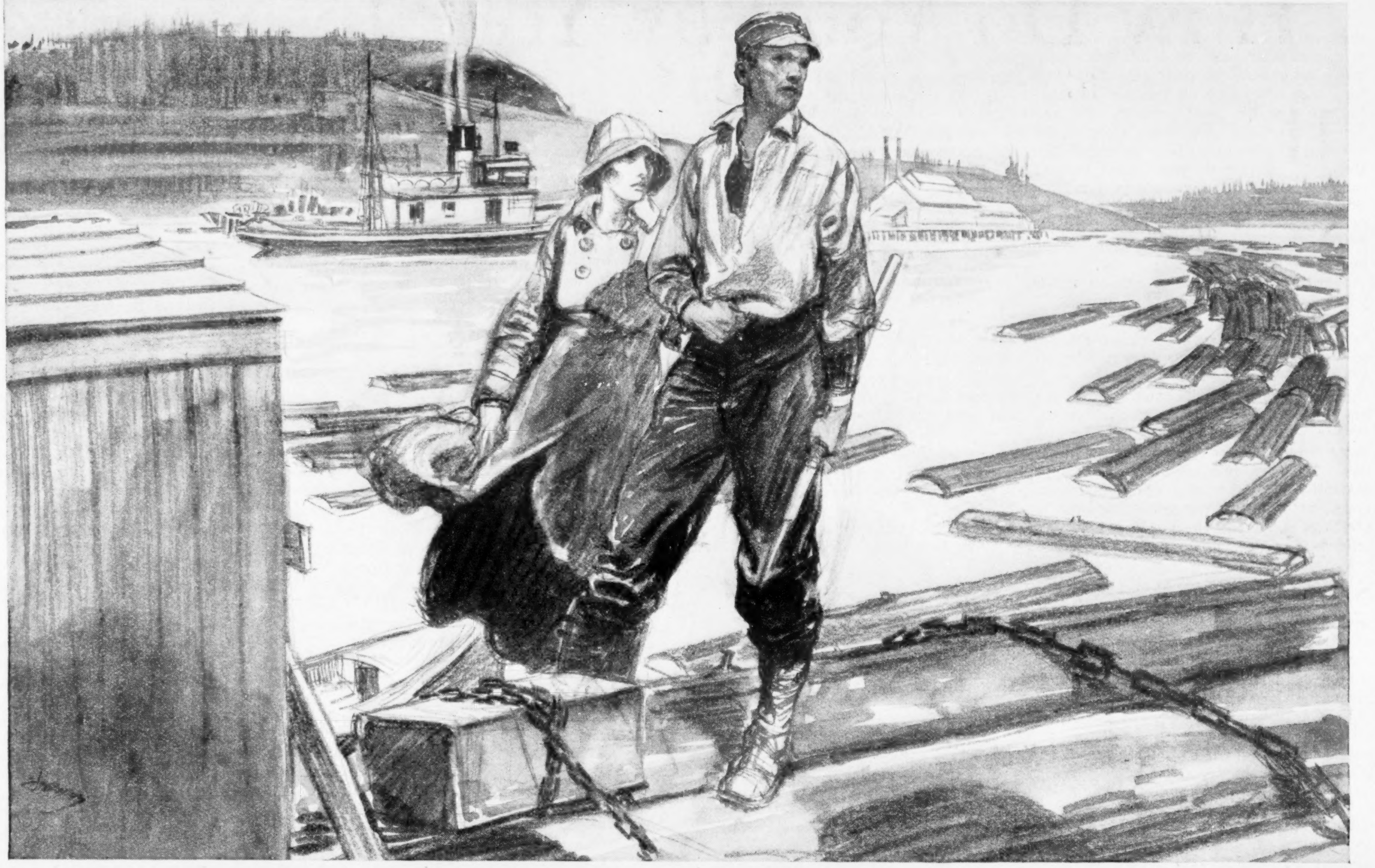


Illustration by Franklin Booth



"My father has put Byers in as superintendent," Wally said. "I'll be on my own. But I'll stick it out here"

Two on a Raft

By Charles Alexander

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

WALLACE COOK, a trifle young but earnest and clean-cut as a hound's tooth, stumped in his big boots across the primitive wharf, hurrying Bessie Medine beside him. He was tall, his eyes gray, his nose straight, and his chin was the famous family chin of all the leaders of the Cook dynasty. Bessie Medine had dark eyes and a softly smooth, white face; her nose was more Irish than straight, and if her chin had no family fame behind it, that was not to say it lacked anything.

Neither was Bessie Medine tall. She stopped trotting and lagged behind the young striding giant.

He missed her and wheeled back abruptly. "Treating you as if we were married," he apologized briefly. "But just as well. This is about as close to marriage as we'll ever get."

Bessie laid her hand on his arm and looked up at him. Motherly, reassuringly, she asked, "Did U. G.—?"

Wallace's answer was a short, "Get in the boat."

With one long arm he swept her from the wharf steps into the tiny launch Moomaw. In a moment they were roaring out into the bottle-green swells of the little forest-girt bay. Wallace crouched beside the girl, one hand braced behind her. With the other he grasped the tiny wheel and threw the Moomaw savagely into the swells. Spray and wind whipped them.

"Sorry," he shouted, staring grimly ahead. "Didn't mean to be raw. But—" He put the wheel over with a jerk. The crashing of the choppy seas against the fragile launch doubled. A sheet of spray drenched the length of the boat. Bessie found his hand beside her. He pointed to a black floating log.

"If we'd have hit that with this floating peanut shell—"

Thus they foamed across the shining, tossing bay of Nequa and shot into a deep bayou that looped and wound quietly through grass-grown mud flats. There all was still. A solid fir forest swept from the mud flats across the hills, and on and on up the mountains, swarming over the slopes to the far sky line and beyond. The bayou straightened out and entered the forest.

"I can't talk—now," Wallace said abruptly. "Big day ahead, the last day, you know. But U. G.—and that Byers, damn him!"

"I know," Bessie said, "Wally—"

"But can you feature it?" Wallace demanded, putting the Moomaw around an S-curve. "A man won't let his son go into the old man's business that he's already in; won't let his own son marry the very girl he's always wanted him to marry; says his son isn't good enough for the girl . . . which he isn't, of course," he added, taking Bessie's hand again. "But I'll stick."

With a movement of his hand he gestured the impossibility of—everything. "And you know I've got to stick, don't you?" he asked, questioning her, searching for her thought.

"You'd better not do anything else," she cried, and he heard the little choke in her voice.

"That's the Bessie." He waved a hand at the forest, the bay. "It's big. I used to wonder if you'd get it when you came out. I should have known."

She moved slightly away from him. He throttled down the motor and curved the Moomaw in beside a landing made of floating logs, with a tiny office of whipsawed lumber on it. Here, on either side of the creek, was much bustle and activity—a crowd of lumberjacks, and a snorting donkey engine cheerfully snaking great logs down the mountainsides.

MOST of the men were busy on the bayou. In it, connected with the bank of booms, lay a great sea-going log raft. It was the object of every ax-stroke in the forest, each snort of the willing donkey engine. For three months, secretly and quietly so that the great lumber companies on the coast should not learn of it, the men had felled the two-hundred-foot firs and of them built the raft. To-morrow the tug Tumtom would tow it to sea.

In it were five million feet of lumber. It was long, and it bulged high, lying like a huge monster in the deep, narrow creek. Many great rafts had been floated from the Pacific Coast to distant lumber markets, but no raft had been built as this one was built, nor on such a small bay, a bay guarded by a shallow, seething bar. This raft, if it worked, if it crossed the bar, would revolutionize the far-lying lumber camps all up and down the coast.

Standing on the landing with Bessie, Wallace stared at the raft. "I built it," Wallace said—almost sang. "I built it. And it'll work. . . . I want to get out on it—don't you?"

With a peavey he speared a log floating near the landing. They got out on it, their steel-calked boots biting into the wood like cougar claws. Wallace shoved it from the landing. And Bessie spent an hour with him on the raft, sitting on the tool box forward, while he told her again what it meant. He told her in a jerky way, trying to forget his early morning interview with his father at Nequa across the bay. And Bessie with a hundred questions kept him talking of the raft.

He showed her how it was built without the frame hull always used on sea-going rafts before, and which made them float deeply, almost submerged. This raft had no hull, had nothing but its own logs in it. It was a cigar-shaped monster, the outside logs woven together with steel cables in a basket-work pattern. It was rigid. And it would float, he knew, float high like an empty liner, float across the shallow bar and to sea behind a puffing tug.

There were scarcely half a dozen bays on the coast where the old-fashioned rafts could be floated to sea. This raft could be floated out of the small coves, the creek mouths. It meant that vast forests would be lumbered without the costly building of railroads.

"Why, with this raft, every stick on the coast can be floated to the big mills, floated right off their stumps. The mills have cut all the sticks near them. They're paying railroad freight on their logs now. Well, to-morrow, when this raft crosses out, every quarter-section of timber on the coast, now waiting for railroads, will double in value. It's big—biggest thing that ever hit the coast. And I—"

"You did it," Bessie finished for him.

"No, I was going to say, I—where's the good? To us? I'll have added some millions, eventually, to U. G.'s account, when he gets busy after this raft goes to sea and buys up all the coast timber he can get his hooks into." He had figured and thought and fought, inventing and building this raft. "When the old man and you came out—I thought all the time—we'd stay. He's put Byers in as superintendent. I'm to go back to Vermont. Only I won't. I'll be on my own. But I'll stick it out here."

"Wally!" said Bessie. "You know you won't be on your own—quite."

Holding a pike pole before her for balance, Bessie Medine crossed a boom to the shore, and climbed to a seat on a log. She smiled once, thinking of the desolate bay and the wilderness bayou with the great raft choking it. Winds soughed and murmured in the dark plumes at the top of the pillarlike firs. The firs reminded her of temple columns. There was a resinous forest scent, as of temple incense. It was a strange place for Bessie Medine, here on a huge log.

SHE smiled only once. It all came back to U. G. Cook, the regal, mild but invincible head of the dynasty. With a secretary, a chef, and the new superintendent, he was living at Nequa in the log mansion Wally had built against his father's—and Bessie's—coming.

U. G. Cook had been there a month, and after to-morrow he would never be there again. He had listened to Wally's raft scheme, had found it good, had organized a directorate in Vermont to handle the great industry that would be built up out of his son's invention. And he had come West partly to humor Wally and partly to take him home to Vermont, where the ancient duties of the dynasty must soon descend to him.

For U. G. Cook, tall, fine-faced, with honorable silvery hair, represented a family that for two centuries had headed its state. He, and his fathers before him, back to a certain signer of the Declaration, had symbolized the conscience, the culture, and the industry of the state. Senators and governors they had been, and always, back of that, men of large land demesnes and diverse affairs; and always they had held forth at Grengary, the brick house that was the family seat.

U. G. Cook's wife had not outlived Wallace's childhood. Wallace alone remained to carry on the line. The elder Cook's several sisters had married in Vermont, strengthening the hierarchy of Cook; he sorrowed that he had no daughters to strengthen the hand of his son, and he took Bessie Medine almost as his daughter, sending her father to Congress.

He had not minded when Wallace spent the working part of three years in the West. He had been pleased when Wallace devised the new raft which would give the house of Cook a vast enterprise on the coast. And he had not dreamed that Wallace would wish to take root in the new empire rather than in the old. He had picked up Byers in Seattle to take charge of the big new business.

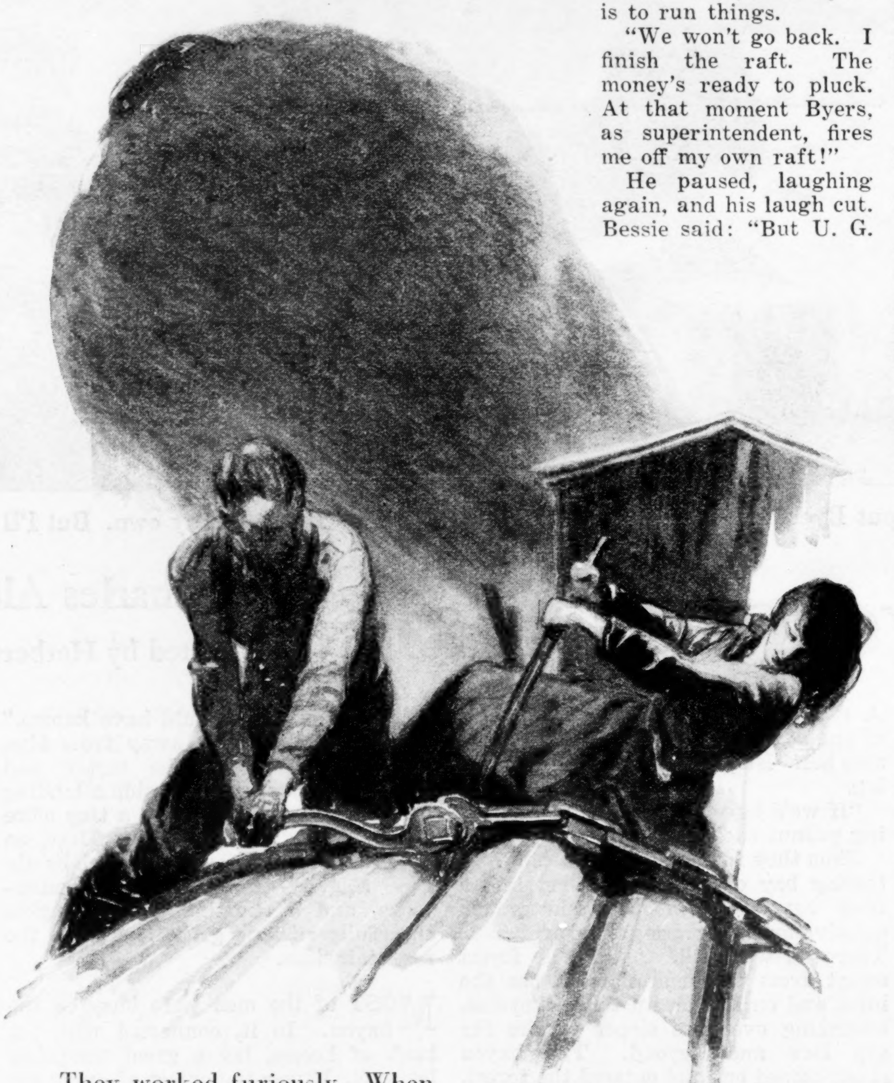
Bessie slid from her log; then she climbed on it again, this time standing up. It was noon. But the loggers were rushing not for the cook shanty, but toward the landing. A hoarse blast shattered the wilderness, rocked among the hills. In answer the donkey engine set up a frenzied tooting. The Tumtom came into sight, carefully working her way up the bayou.

The raft was ready. Into it Wallace had put his hopes, his dreams for a new empire of his own building. The tug touched the landing, whistling enthusiastically. Men cheered.

On her log, Bessie stretched up to see, and wished she were tall. On the landing the crowd was falling back, forming a meaningful circle about two figures. One was Wallace. One was Byers, fair-haired, short. Bessie slid down and ran. Through the thickening crowd of loggers she wormed her way. She could not reach the tight circle about the two men. But she heard. Byers was saying: "Well, I'll take charge. Just had a session with U. G. Here's a note."

On tiptoes, Bessie saw him. He handed a letter to Wallace. Then Wallace's voice, hard and grating—she knew what heat lay beneath that tone—came through the tense silence.

"Just wait, Byers, while I read this," he said. He took Byers by the arm and held him while he read the letter. Then he said: "Byers, you may have had a session with U. G., but U. G. never sanctioned this letter. U. G. does his business face to face. You know it."



They worked furiously. When five of the cables were off in the center, the raft began to bulge sickeningly

There were mumbled words. Voices ran together. Byers's voice, shrill, lifted above Wallace's: "He did. Don't say I lie." And he put out his fists.

Bessie's face was hot. Wallace gave a short grunt, reached and knocked Byers into the bayou. Bessie's dark eyes glowed.

The crowd surged across the wharf. Someone pulled Byers from the water. Loggers, shouting, jostled the girl. When she got free Wallace was gone.

SHE did not find him for an hour. He was nowhere in the camp. One o'clock came; the crew fell to work; inch by inch the raft crawled toward the bay. Then, far up the bayou, where it abruptly changed into a mountain creek, she found him walking savagely.

At sight of him she called: "Please, not so fast. . . . Wally, you ran away!"

He came swiftly, put an arm about her, and paced again on the rocks and moss of the bayou. His chin—the family chin—was on his breast.

"I know. Wishing you'd come. But you know how I felt." He laughed bitterly. "Byers canned me. *Fired!*"

"Oh!"

They walked, while he gripped himself. "Feature it" he laughed again. "I build the raft. Show U. G. how he can make several fortunes. I tell him we're going to marry, stay here, and build the thing up. We like it. We're needed out here. Big . . .

"He says I must come home to Grengary and carry on the sacred family stuff. Let hirelings run the business. Picks up Byers, nothing but a lumber crook. Oh, I know. I've been out here most of three years. Byers is to run things.

"We won't go back. I finish the raft. The money's ready to pluck. At that moment Byers, as superintendent, fires me off my own raft!"

He paused, laughing again, and his laugh cut. Bessie said: "But U. G. couldn't have known. And you know how he feels about Grengary—no more of his kin to walk in the old house. But he'd never have—have *fired* you."

"No matter. Byers sees how things lie. It's his chance, too, to get me out. Knows the old man doesn't understand this lumber game. He's superintendent, though he's done nothing but plot since he came. U. G. will back him up. It puts me absolutely out—haven't even got a job, a cent. Forces me to go home."

Later, walking and clinging closely to her, he cried: "Only I won't go."

They had climbed a ridge. They came out of the forest and were struck by the glinting bay, the forest on the hills about it, beyond the headland in the west the mystery of the Pacific fading out and up and mingling with the sky. Wallace caught sight of the mystery of Bessie's eyes and looked from them away to that other—or that same mystery over the wilderness, over the sea. He waved a futile hand.

"Why, back home, taking care of the sacred name, going to the Senate some day—I'd just be *made*, made by the invincible family. Nothing on my own. Just theirs. Not a shred of self-respect in that. Any manikin would do as well. Besides, the Cooks didn't always live there. The first one came from somewhere. Pioneered, started the dynasty. I'm true enough to the family. I feel as he must have felt. I think he must have looked over the hills back there about as we're looking now—only we're three thousand miles west."

Bessie understood. U. G. had sent her father to Congress, smiled on her family, led them up among the powerful circles—all so that she might be a worldly as well as a personal credit to Wallace Cook as his wife. And she would not have it so . . . Wallace swept her up. "Love your pauper?" he asked.

"Wally, I'm so *short*—"

When they came down out of the hills it was dark.

THE landing was deserted. The loggers were at supper in the shanty. To-morrow, according to the plans Wallace had worked out, the crew would be doubled twice and set to work building four new rafts. The raw logs in each raft were worth fifty thousand dollars.

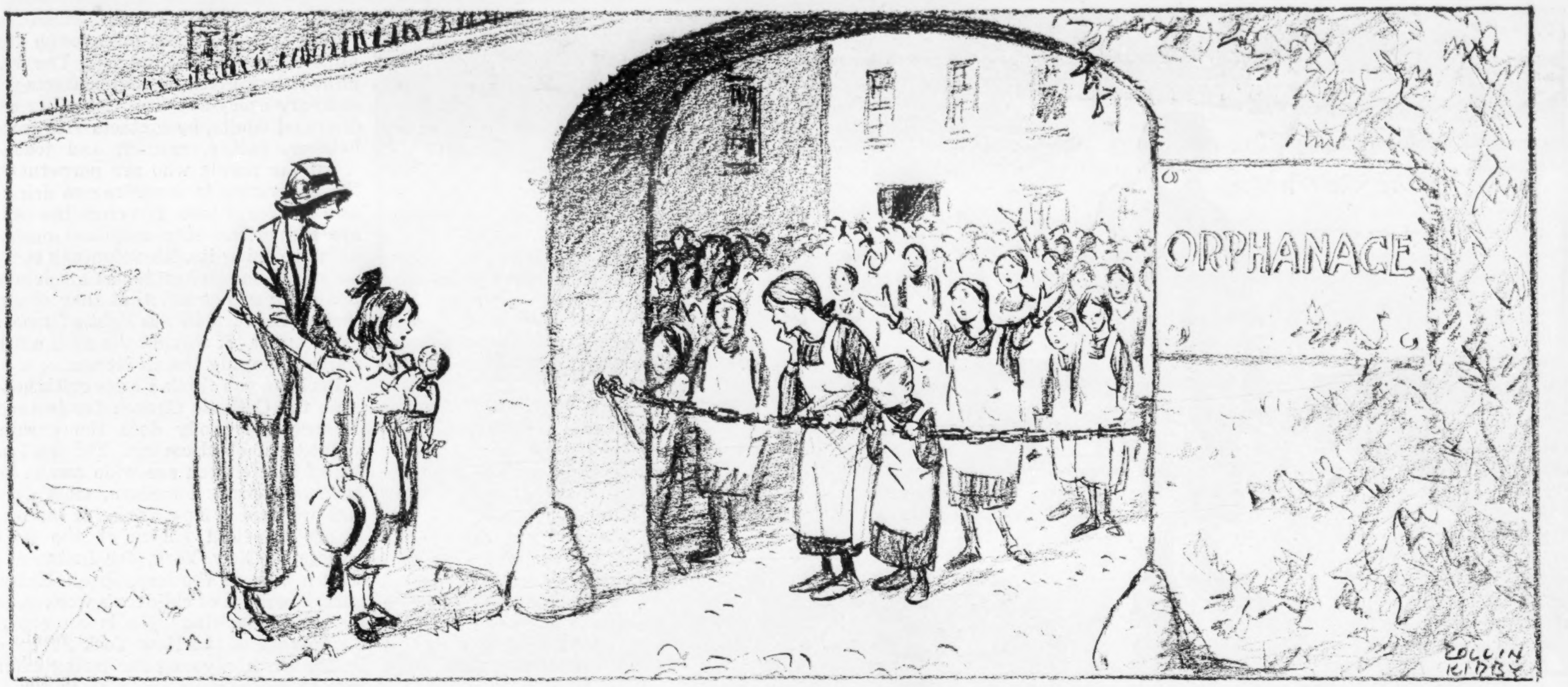
Wallace wound up the flywheel in the Moomaw, and the little shell skimmed quietly along the water paths through the marshes. A sudden stentorian blast, repeated, rollicked over the bay and struck the hills with audible claps. It meant that the tug and the raft had tied up at Nequa. Wallace imagined the scene. U. G. and his secretary and his chef would be waiting on the pier to congratulate—Byers.

Wallace had planned to come gloriously perched on top of the raft, Bessie beside him—a sort of ride of victory. Then, on the morrow's tide, he was to have crossed the bar with his fortune in his hands, and steamed to sea, U. G.'s and Bessie's eyes following him to the horizon. Seven days later he would have returned; there was to have been a certain momentous ceremony, and then hard work.

But the scene at the wharf was not precisely as Wallace thought it. U. G. Cook, his white hair flying, was there, alone. His eyes searched the tug, the raft, and returned and left the wharf. It should have been youth's day, this. Something about the raft, its rawness in its setting in the lost bay on the wild coast, suggested youth to him, and struck deeply, startlingly, into him. With old, slow steps he climbed to his house. Wallace and Bessie had not come. He knew why.

Drifting in the Moomaw, Wallace said: "Let's go back to camp for a bite. I suppose dad's thinking we're out somewhere sulking—that we'll come around. He figures on you making me see reason. We don't want to see him to-night."

Later that night, which was starless and velvety, they were on the bay, the Moomaw put-putting, idle. She carried no lights, but Wallace knew the bay. Wrapped in oilskins, the two figures leaned close. Wallace watched the swells sliding by. The tide was approaching flood. Black, with ghostly stains flecking them, like ivory and ebony, the tide swells came on as if forever. The tide was restless, inevitable; he was restless with it. And again, love and youth came; his throat was bound, his head floating. (*Continued on page 32*)



What every mother knows—your child, my child, all children must have love

What Would Become of Your Child?

By Harold Cary

Illustrated by Rollin Kirby

How would you feel if fifty little girls between the ages of two and four came rushing at you with outstretched hands and you heard a commanding voice say: "Stop! Mustn't touch! It isn't polite." Pretty bad, you say. But there are 130,000 orphans in this enlightened land who live in institutions. Usually they are clean and well fed. Their lives are carefully organized. They have everything but love, the one thing they need most. Can it be helped? Mr. Cary answers, "Yes." In three articles, of which this is the first, he will tell how.

WHAT would become of my three-year-old if he were suddenly deprived of his parents and near relatives? Of course for the first few weeks some kindly neighbor would see that he was fed and clothed. But after that what? Where would he go? What kind of man would he become? Casting sentiment to the winds, would it make any difference in his character and his ability to get along in the world?

I think a great deal of that kid. He has brought laughter and intense pleasure into my life; he has brought tears into my eyes and apprehension into my voice. And since his father was thrown deep into the study of the facts which indicate what would happen to that little boy if all his relatives cashed in—well—

I spent the day yesterday in one of the places. There were nearly nine hundred children in the orphanage, at least a hundred and fifty of whom Tommy would consider as playmates were he to see them.

Josh if You Like, It's Truth

HOW can I put the experience to you? You'd want to josh me about it even if I were a poet who could put the pathos into deathless rhyme! All I can give is the briefest description of what I saw and heard; of the rush of fifty little girls, from two to four years old, arms outstretched in silent appeal both to me and to the superintendent of this great institution.

"Stop! Mustn't touch!" she commanded. "It isn't polite." Slowly they drew back and slowly tugged against the command, again approaching us, arms held up, until the command was again given.

What, if anything, is the matter with those children? They are clean, and well fed. They are Schick tested, mental tested, tooth tested. They haven't any nits or scabies. Each one has his own bed and chair and a little locker for his individual clothes. They play outdoors on spacious grounds. They have a power-driven merry-go-round, a huge swimming pool, an athletic field. As they grow up they are put through a typical American school, in a special building on the grounds. When they get to be sixteen years old they are sent to a special regulated boarding house and a job is found for them. If they have advanced rapidly enough they have been allowed to go to the neighboring high school or a business school.

They look all right. But they make your heart bleed because they are hungry for love.

There are more than a thousand orphan asylums in the United States, of which this one is middle grade. It isn't bad. Not as orphanages go. I have seen better ones. I know there are really terrible ones. At this one, when a little boy has been bad they shave his head, making him different from the mass. His pride is so cruelly hurt that he rarely again attempts an infraction of the rules.

There are institutions where he would, instead, be forced to kneel on the floor, two feet from the wall, until he was ready to conform and be like all the rest, or have his food taken away from him for a few meals, or perhaps merely thrashed with a willow switch.

As you go through the facts you see fast enough why most of the corporeal punishment once taken for granted in all orphanages has been abolished. The more you punish physically the more you have to. This has been the universal experience. I doubt if there is an orphanage in the United States today which the ordinary observer could go into and be enraged about. You wouldn't see the cruel sights that you could have seen ten years ago. You would not want immediately to report to the police or to charge the superintendent and his assistants with criminal negligence or complete ignorance of modern methods of handling the physical well being of the children.

Who Can Tell About To-morrow?

DOES it seem like a small thing to you that the latest census figures show 1,349 orphanages in this country, with a population of 130,000 children? Does it seem absolutely remote to you that I might be wiped out by a taxicab or a train or a fire, so that my child, who has an individual home with both adult and child friends, should be shipped off to a brick-and-mortar institution to share with perhaps fifty others the attention of one overworked, underpaid attendant? It happens to right and to left of us. And those who have faced it, worked with the unfortunate youngsters who have met that fate, have found it tragic. A whole nation can be aroused through the newspapers by the murder of a child at the hands of a feeble-minded adult—and here is a population, as great as a large city, of cases hardly less tragic.

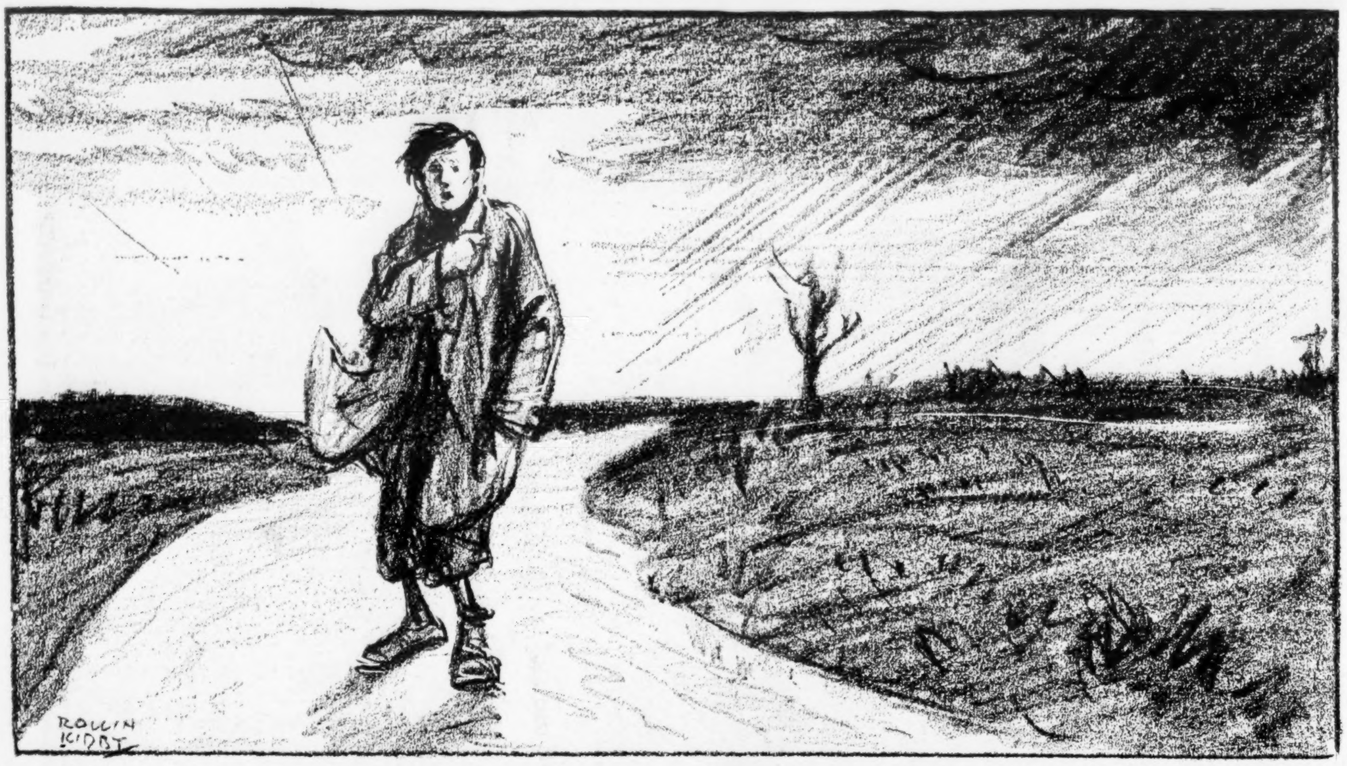
There is no variance of expert public opinion on the question of the orphanage. In every state the leaders recognize that the large orphan asylum is a relic of the dark ages, an enormously expensive institution which cannot be justified from any point of view. It would be enormously cheaper, not in theory but in fact, as has been proved by the experience of the State of Massachusetts, to take care of dependent children intelligently.

An investigation made by the State Charities Aid Association recently showed that an average of a baby a day is given away in New York City. There would be no difficulties in the way of this disposal of the child unless someone tried legally to adopt him or unless the child were criminally abused by whoever took him in.

But in Westchester County, New York, which is highly organized, some charitable organization, some church, or perhaps the state itself, through the overseer of the poor, would pick him up. Depending upon who got him, he would be sent to an orphan asylum to spend the next thirteen years, or he would be boarded out in a foster home, perhaps for ultimate adoption.

It is at the thought of the orphanage that my gorge rises. I know he would be taken care of fairly well physically. But he would be starved for love. I don't care whether it is a church which does a colossal business in orphanage care at enormous expense, or a fraternal order like the Moose and the Masons and the Odd Fellows, or a nonsectarian orphanage society. I don't care much whether he goes to join a thousand other children at Mooseheart, at St. Joseph's Home, or the Albany Orphanage, because I know that the experience of the last fifty years has proved beyond a doubt that he would be infinitely better off placed even in the plainest home of a laborer, a mechanic, or college professor.

There are two different methods of



Lonely lies the orphan's road under an angry sky

taking care of the orphan. One is to coop him up in a jail-like environment. The other is to put him in a foster home. The orphanage system is spectacular and is satisfactory to shallow-minded sentimentalists, who cannot see what it is doing to the individual. You can go out and raise money for an orphanage just as you can for the Near East Relief or the starving Germans. Within the last ten years the Moose have built an enormous institution for the care of some of their half-orphans. It is rather obviously inadequate to the needs of the Order, yet the cost per child is $1,000 a year. In spite of this extremely adequate provision, this institution, the pride of Secretary James J. Davis, a cabinet officer, presents to the visitor the same wilderness of stone, mortar, and pathos as does the institution I visited yesterday which was built in 1869. As I went into the "Baby Village" at Mooseheart the same lifted appealing arms were held out. Magnificent equipment, enormous unit costs, cannot satisfy the love needs of the growing child.

Fagin Had Use for Orphans

NO ONE can say that a careless system of placing children in foster homes is a panacea to prevent the enormous wastage and perversion of life force which is now going on. There was a time during which one New York institution shipped out twenty-six thousand children in carload lots to the West, where they were parceled out to the pioneers to be forgotten. But of course to-day this sort of thing has been stopped and intelligent efforts at finding homes for children where the child is observed for a year or two afterward to see that a real home has been found for him are meeting with success wherever tried.

In the last ten years we have discovered that intellectually and emotionally the environment of the child in every large orphanage is the worst possible. We know now that institutional care is not even a fair substitute for life even in a poor home. There stands a great indictment against charitable organizations, millionaire founders of orphanages, fraternal orders, and most of all against American churches, as well as against state methods in every commonwealth in the country. It is an indictment of gross backwardness and extravagance, of outworn methods which could have been eliminated years ago, but which are being again and again perpetuated.

Those are brave words. How do I dare put them down? Because if my child became dependent upon society he would very probably go into a hopelessly bad environment. Such is the weight of modern scientific evidence. And by badly cared for I mean something so new that it is known to scarcely any of us—and yet something so old that every mother has at least a hint of it, and perhaps a large majority have a real understanding of it.

I mean that modern scientific investigation has shown that love, demonstrative love from one person which surpasses all other facts, is the most fundamental requirements of the child.

Like Paul Dombey, Old and Tired

IN a report of the State Department of Public Welfare of Illinois the doctor who went in to investigate physical conditions in the Soldiers' Orphans' Home at Normal made these statements:

"Very few of the children smiled. It was a matter of record when they did. Only one child ventured a spontaneous remark. The examiner had a distinct impression of abnormality—apathy, suppressed emotion and personality. These children did not seem to be children in the ordinary sense of the term. They were serious, unsmiling little beings.

"The whole institution was startlingly clean. The snowy, highly polished floors one almost fears to step upon, and this high degree of perfection becomes irritating to the observer when he realizes that it is the product of the hands and backs of little children, some of them below weight. I should prefer less cleanliness if the cleanliness must be dependent upon the work of little children. A great many of the children were doing work which seemed too heavy for them. One thin girl was working in the laundry, and one boy weighing 55 pounds was scrubbing. One underweight child ran the dishwashing machine without proper protection, and at the time of examination his clothes were very wet. He stated that he was wet a good deal of the time, and his clothing smelt as if his statement were a fact. The children seem more like little scrubbing machines than human beings, and the feeling that this was so was intensified by the observation that the toys in the little boys' room were spotless and sat in a row on the table undisturbed, so far as I observed. They may have been used in the evening, but I can hardly believe it considering the perfection of their condition.

"While waiting for meals, the little boys sat in rows with crossed legs, like little images of Buddha, and if any boy disturbed the holy calm, he was stood up behind the gas pipe as a token of disapprobation. The larger boys stood in line while waiting for their meals and were inspected and subjected to semi-military orders by one of their own number."

The most expensive plant I know of —where more money is spent each year on each child than the average American earns in the same time—is Girard College in Philadelphia. President C. T. Herrick is a big broad-gauge executive who faces shortcomings. He quotes one of his own boys who wrote that he did not have a chair on which to sit during a long period of his life in Girard College. In the section-room he sat on a bench, in the dining-room on a stool, in the schoolroom at a desk, in the chapel on another bench. Chairs are now more prevalent; but the graduate of 1921 who was awarded the school medal for all-round efficiency confessed that he had been repeatedly embarrassed and chagrined at his bad manners at meals; and wished "for the boys of Girard College more opportunities for social life, and their participation in the activities and relationships of social intercourse." President Herrick adds:

"Some means of more normal living, and living in the college as boys live in other schools, seems to be the present greatest need of the institution."

Don't misinterpret the facts. I know of no persons who believe that all the institutions for children should be abolished. We need them, some of them for feeble-minded, for children's hospitals and other special cases, but we have learned by experience and the research of the past few years that for a child to be normal he must have contact with the workaday world. Love of a particular individual is required. As Dr. Helen Woolley, psychologist of the Merril Palmer School, Detroit, said to me:

"The two most important factors in the emotional life of the child are the proper amounts of love and discipline or authority. We can't be perfect parents and teachers, so it would be wise to add that we should be careful that each youngster gets too much love rather than too little; not enough discipline rather than too much. The discipline is best given by real contacts with ordinary every-day life with other children and adults, by contacts with grocer, butcher, father, mother, and teacher.

All the people who are perpetuating the institution in America are doing it as a service of love. The churches which are supporting extremely bad orphanages are doing it with voluntary contributions. You can hardly ask much more. But can you not ask that they observe their own work in the light of modern experience? It would take such a little while to remedy the situation.

Perhaps you think I have criticized—well, the Catholic Church for instance, because that body does the greatest quantity of child caring. Yet the leaders of that church are wide awake and have laid down a modern, most excellent program in New York, for instance. Under Cardinal Hayes of the Archdiocese of New York, for instance, is such a man as the Rev. Brian McEnegart, in charge of children's work in the Catholic Charities. He is an expert, a graduate of the New York School of Social Work, a young far-seeing executive, as progressive a man as Father Le Blond of Cleveland, whose pioneer work in that diocese is equally good. Father McEnegart said to me, "Our policy is to keep homes together, and no child is admitted to one of our child-caring homes until we have made a thorough investigation of the family condition. We take them in only as a last resort when we cannot, even with the needed financial assistance, keep the family together. We use institutions only because we have been unable in the few years we have been working with this point of view to find enough foster homes."

Two years of concentrated effort on the part of an intelligent woman in the metropolitan district has shown that all the homes required can be found, and that the only requirement to such finding is intelligent effort and the discarding of the tradition that the orphanage is the place for the dependent child.

Heads of many of these institutions are fine men indeed. But they are surrounded by low-grade employees who receive from fifteen to fifty dollars a month in addition to maintenance—ex-cooks, spinsters, uneducated widows.

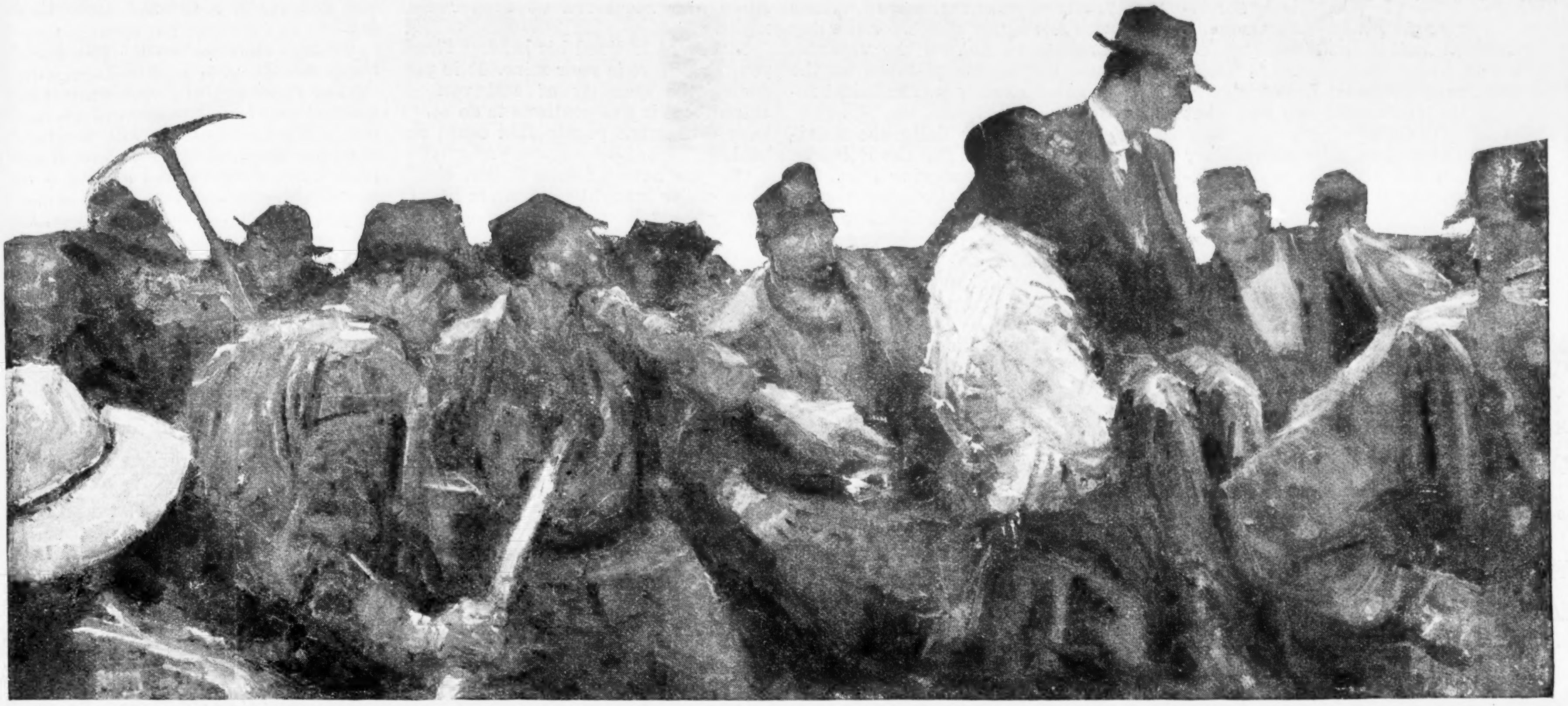
Love in a Home is Solution

CAN nothing be done? To me there would be nothing worth saying could I not point out triumphantly that something can be done and is being done.

Massachusetts can raise a proud head among the states. Massachusetts has proved that a state can, with the aid of the usual charitable organizations for special problems, take modern, scientific care of all dependent children at very low cost. About ninety per cent of children who are taken care of in that state go into foster homes where they are visited frequently, and it is known positively that the children are being properly cared for in a real love environment.

Why is this state so far ahead? For fifty years Massachusetts has been quietly giving unfortunate children a chance to which they have a right, while in other states the orphanage system grows larger, gaining ten per cent in the last decade. Must a great, wealthy nation permit such a widespread abuse? Does it need to frighten you and me over the possible fate which awaits our children in case of accident?

The story of what Massachusetts has done is a constructive one: it points the way that modern science says states and charities must go, and go quickly, to abolish the orphanage evil. That story will be told in an early issue.



Borne in Jim Rhodes's arms, Blackford came steadily forward past hostile faces that pressed close yet never quite dared to hinder

Coming Through

By Jack Bethea

Illustrated by Harvey Dunn

Conclusion

THE next morning, when Reubens saw the black-smeared figures as they came out of the cage and stood restlessly about the tipple waiting for their spokesmen, his assurance was shaken.

Because she had begged, and against his judgment, he had brought Alice with him. "You and Warren will both be there," she had pleaded. "You never can tell what will happen and I want to go."

Standing on the weighman's platform on the tipple scales, she watched the sullen men. Her father climbed to the roof of the scale house.

At last he began to speak. "I guess most of you men know who I am," he shouted, after a preliminary hail. He was astonished at the violence of the response: "You bet we know!"

His spirit rose to meet their hostility. He waited quietly until they yelled themselves out, then went on.

"The Cahaba Company has always treated its men well," he cried. They howled at him. "It will continue to do so as long as they merit it. But we cannot permit the men to have a part in the management of the mine—"

A piercing voice rose from the back. "What in hell do you know about mining? You never done any."

Again the men howled. Reubens recognized that he was not to get a hearing, that he was to be baited to the end. Nevertheless he persisted. "We don't need to operate this mine—"

"Well, you ain't doin' it for charity," retorted the same voice.

Another outburst followed. The miners were pressing about the scale house, and he saw that their anger was being steadily fanned. Suddenly he realized that these men cared nothing for him or the power he represented. His sense of authority fell from him.

Pressed against the scaffolding of the loading track behind him, Alice noted the growing uncertainty of his manner. She saw Mudd significantly coupling a hose to the nozzle of a steam pipe.

It was Mudd's idea, steam. He had broached it that morning in the office when Blackford had told him what he planned.

"Lemme handle it, boss," he had pleaded. "You don't know what you're gettin' into. Lawler don't love you a-tall and them men'll feel just like he does. You let me do it."

"No, I'll go down. It's the best way, if I'm ever to control them. I must show them I'm not afraid, and I'm not. They can't do anything to hurt me."

"The hell they can't! And there's Jim too. You wouldn't have a chance."

But Blackford was stubborn. Mudd glanced at his set face and gave it up. "All right, but I'll be there and if anything starts, you bet I'll know what to do."

So now he coupled to the steam pipe, behind which was ninety pounds of pressure, a thirty-foot hose. As Alice looked he was smiling that dangerous smile of his.

She shuddered, thinking what the scalding steam would do if it swept the close-packed men. For the first time a thrill of fear shook her. Then, beyond her father, she saw her husband.

BORNE in Jim Rhodes's arms, Blackford came steadily forward. The crowd opened. Not hastening his steps, Jim picked his way. Under whispered instructions from Blackford, he looked neither to the right nor left, ignoring the hostile white faces that pressed close and yet never quite dared to hinder them. Only Jim's nostrils, dilating and contracting as he breathed, betokened any strain.

Right through the miners he carried the helpless superintendent, and they grew quiet. They waited while he mounted the steps to the scale-house roof. From that vantage Blackford surveyed them silently. As Jim turned slowly from side to side, so that he could get a view of them all, Alice saw his face. It was saturnine, his eyes were hard, implacable.

"Well, what is this? A strike?"

His voice carried to the edges of the gathering. It was cold, even, almost contemptuous.

"Yes!" "You bet it is!" "No!" With sarcastic laughter the cries came.

"What do you want?"

"We want Lawler!" they roared.

"You can't have him." The quietness of his defiance made it the more effective. That irrepressible voice from the rear was raised again.

"If we can't have him we'll take you!" And the threat was echoed and reëchoed.

Blackford waited. Jim shifted him to a more comfortable position.

"Let's understand each other right here," Blackford said when quiet fell. "If you strike, you know the answer. You'll get out of the company houses in twenty-four hours, or if you don't get out I'll put you out. You can't get water—the wells will be closed to you. You can't buy anything at the commissary. You'll work or you'll leave Cahaba. And that's only part of it. There's more, that you don't know. You think you want Lawler. You don't." The men moved uneasily. They were impressed. The superintendent's methods were new to them.

"You can't get away with it!" he heard from the rear.

"Try me!" he shot back. "You say you want Lawler. You don't know what he's been doing. I'll tell you."

"Yeah, you'll tell us anything!"

"Then I'll prove it." He raised his arm and pointed at Lockwood, singling him out of the crowd and calling him by name. "Lockwood, how much were you paid last month?"

The miner gaped at him. "I got a hundred and sixty dollars for twenty days' work," he answered, and everyone heard him.

"I thought so. You should have got about a hundred and seventy-five. But Lawler got the rest."

Blackford paused again. The crowd for the first time was virtually still. Again he held out his hand, and in it was a window weight.

"I took this out of the scales right under me here," he said distinctly. "You men know how easy it is. You had no check weighman, you had to take the figures the company weighman gave you. He and Lawler were partners. Lawler kept two sets of weights. One was for the company's pay roll, the other was for himself. He pocketed the difference."

He watched them for an instant, letting it sink in.

"I don't ask you to take my word for it," he added. "Send a committee and I'll show you the two weight sheets."

IMMEDIATELY their temper veered. He smiled, that same cold smile. It had been the big moment and he had won, because he had kept back the blow till the right time. His keeping it back had cost the men and the company thousands of dollars, but it had been worth it, and more. Into the hush of amazement he spoke again.

"Your committee said Mr. Mudd did not know anything about the mine. He knows plenty about scales. He found this job that Lawler was putting up on you." The joke elicited bursts of sheepish laughter.

He raised his voice. "Do you want to lose your homes and your jobs for a foreman like that?" he demanded, and was satisfied with the response, and met it. "Then get back to work," he ordered, his voice ringing. "No more of this damned foolishness!"

But the crowd had another idea.

"The Mountain"
A novel in six parts by Ben Ames Williams
begins next week

"Where's Lawler? Where is he? Robber! Let's go get him!" came the yells.

Blackford cut in and was heeded. "I'm boss here," he snapped. "Don't try any funny business! Lawler's gone, anyway. He left when I told him what I was going to do."

The men gave it up, reluctantly. They crowded back into the cage, still growling but cowed by Blackford's impassive eyes.

The ending of the strain left him limp, and he told Jim to take him down. At the foot of the steps was Alice, her eyes shining.

"You did it when Daddy couldn't," she cried, "and when you were crippled! Oh, Warren, I'm so proud of you!"

All the nerve, all the resolution that the crisis had roused in him were gone. He was a sick man, with a sick mind, helpless in another man's arms.

"Thank you," he said listlessly—"thank you. I'm glad to have made the most of one opportunity at least."

And ignoring her stricken look he motioned to Jim to bear him away.

AFTER that morning the men labored and strove now, not for the Cahaba Coal and Iron Company, but for Warren Blackford himself.

He never told anyone or made any charges, but it became generally known how he had been hurt. Mudd did that before Blackford could stop him. A miner honors courage, and the men of Cahaba saw courage and paid it tribute.

When they saw that his heart was still set on production, when they understood that it meant something personal to him they worked with a will. Coal came pouring up the shaft, trip after trip, and long trains on the Mineral puffed away from the overflowing tipple.

Blackford had Jim take his chair to the commissary veranda in the evenings when the day shift came off and the night side was going down. Then men began shyly to speak to him and before he knew it, he was on friendly terms with practically the entire crew. Each afternoon the tipple sheets for the day were brought to him on the veranda. His quiet but visible pleasure as the total mounted steadily was sufficient reward for the men.

He was delivering daily the maximum of coal required for the Dolomite works, and sometimes moving a surplus. He was piling up at Dolomite a fuel reserve against accidents and delays at Cahaba. Furthermore, he had met the test of the executive.

He told himself that now at last he could give attention to his own concerns.

From the time of his accident he had hoped only that he would live long enough to face Reubens and make him acknowledge fully that he had justified himself.

On the acknowledgment that he would require of Alice, his thoughts had not been clear.

Reubens had returned to Pittsburgh soon after that day at the tipple, telling Blackford that he would come back when he was wanted. Now Blackford had sent for him, he had just arrived, and he was waiting at the residency.

Stringfellow and John Mudd came up from the top house. He greeted them.

"I may not be here to-morrow, John," he said. "Things are going so well that I think I'll take a rest."

"Great stuff!" exclaimed Mudd. "I'll tell the world you need one. Me and Stringfellow will carry on all right."

"I don't need to give you any directions. You will be acting superintendent while I'm gone. Make what changes are necessary. I'll leave it to you."

He motioned for Jim Rhodes and the negro lifted him. "Well, so long, boys. Luck to you," he said.

"Luck to you, boss," they returned.

Mudd looked at Stringfellow. "Didn't he say that kind of funny, String? It sounded to me like he thought he wasn't never coming back."

"Well, I'm here in response to your telegram," Reubens said as he sat with Alice and Blackford at supper that night.

Blackford inclined his head. "Thank you, sir. Here is your mine. It is producing the quantity of coal you required, and it will continue to do so. I have done what people said could not be done."

"So you have. I take it that that's what you've brought me down to hear!" said Reubens.

"That's part of it. I think you owe me that much, don't you?" said Blackford. "Of course, I could have told you in writing, but I didn't want to; I wanted the satisfaction of telling you formally face to face. And then Alice wanted to see you, and I knew you wanted to see her."

Alice was a little startled at his insight. She had been wanting her father very badly. As for Reubens, he found Blackford's answer sufficient. He had been glad of the excuse to return to his daughter and Cahaba.

"It has been good work," he said readily. "The company congratulates you. Now what?"

"Exactly. That's the rest of the reason why I sent for you."

Blackford's tone was light. Alice thought she detected a veiled hint of irony in it. She spoke up hastily:

"You remember what you promised him, Daddy. If he suceeded here, he was to have a substantial promotion. Wasn't that it?"

"It was," said Reubens, "and I stand behind it, if he—"

BLACKFORD laid down his cigar. "That's very kind of you," he said. "But I believe there are other things to consider first." He waited so long that they began to think he expected some response from them. But he resumed. "Alice and I seem to have reached an impossible situation." He spoke quietly, drawing figures on the tablecloth. "Since you know the rest, Mr. Reubens, I see no reason for concealing that from you. We might as well talk the thing out and reach a definite understanding."

Reubens assented mechanically: "Yes, that's always best, I think."

"The fundamental stumbling block is the fact that I am a cripple. I am helpless." Blackford said it without bitterness, but Alice knew what it must cost him. "She conceives it her duty to remain with me because I am in that condition. She has not told me so, but knowing her as I do I am certain of it. You will remember that you once suggested a divorce for us. At the time I was opposed to it, though naturally I couldn't say so. Now I think it would be the best solution for all concerned."

"We have gone over that, Warren!" Alice pleaded. Her voice was sharp with pain.

"But what would you do?" inquired the bewildered Reubens.

"That would not interest you. It would be my own concern."

"Warren, how can you—we *couldn't* do that!" cried the girl in a spasm of protest. "No matter how you feel now, we've been part of each other's lives! I couldn't leave you crippled, not knowing where you were going, or what you were going to do."

HE GLANCED at her. "Exactly," he said dryly. "I knew what you'd say—but would you if I weren't crippled?" She hesitated, stunned, and he smiled. "Of course you wouldn't! You told me so not long before the accident." He turned to Reubens. "You see for yourself, she really feels as I do, but she won't admit it as long as I am crippled, and I won't allow her to stay with me feeling as she does. Don't you think that rather puts it up to me?"

Reubens made no answer. Blackford went on. "It seems to me that it does, and I've taken such steps as I thought necessary. It was mainly to apprise you of this that I asked you to come down. Otherwise, knowing your sentiments toward me, I shouldn't have. I intend—"

A knock at the door interrupted, and Alice admitted Dr. Rawls. He spoke to Reubens and nodded quietly to Blackford, who said: "Sit down, Doctor. I have one or two questions I wish to ask you in the presence of my wife and her father. Please remember that I am not a child and that absolute frankness will serve me best."

"You leave me no choice," said Rawls gravely.

"You have done all that's possible, short of surgery, have you not?"

"We no longer get any reaction from external treatment or muscular exercise. I am sorry to say that I anticipate none further."

"And I never can hope to be better unless more serious steps are taken?"

"In my opinion," Rawls said, "you cannot."

"And what steps are possible?"

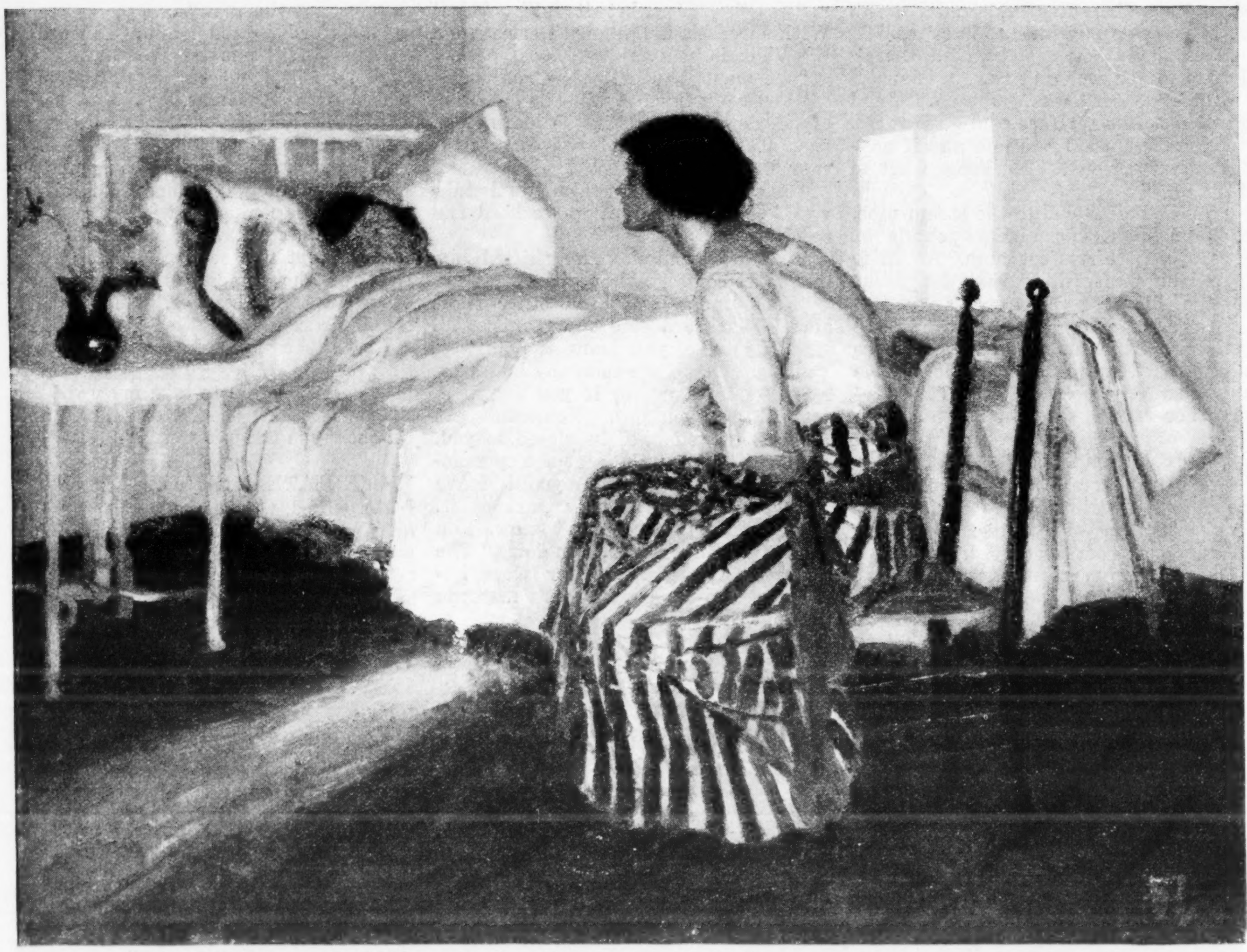
"There is only one—an operation."

"You think it would remedy the trouble?"

"Well—that's a hard question," answered the surgeon guardedly. "Your condition, as well as I can make it out, is this: I don't believe there is any actual fracture of the bones of the spine. While your paralysis is complete, there has been no functional disturbance. Two things may have happened. A vertebra may have been displaced without fracture and be now pressing on the nervous tissues governing your movements, or—the spinal cord may have been permanently injured."

"You think an operation would relieve either one?"

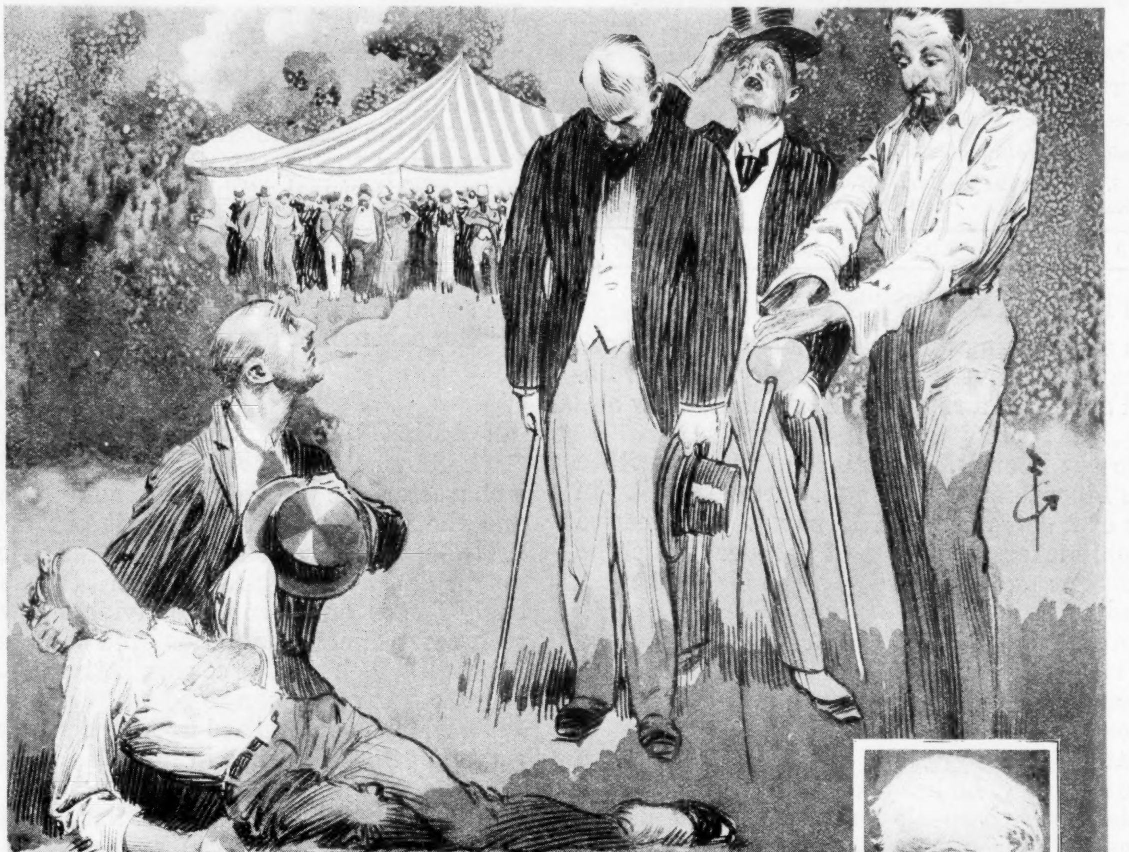
"I prefer to put it this way: If it's pressure, it must be relieved or you can't get over your paralysis. Operation could relieve it, and is the only thing that could." (*Continued on page 30*)



"We can't have back the yesterdays," he said. "But I am giving you your to-morrows"

When French Chops French

Uncle Henry Says Their Dueling is a Clean Sport Though Hard on the Trousers



"After inspection the tailor too shakes his head. 'Even I, Antoine Dubosc,' he says, 'can do nothin' now. The trousers are torn beyond all mending!'"

"THE French are a funny people," remarked Mr. Stubbs with the tolerant smile that a true Nordic always reserves for the idiosyncrasies of a less-intelligent race. "You can't pick up a paper without seein' where they've kicked everybody out of office an' put a new lot in."

"You're jealous," said Uncle Henry. "That's the trouble with you. So am I, for that matter. I can't help envyin' the French. They're the boys that never check a natural impulse, givin' the boot to office-holders whenever the spirit moves. Election Day's a date with us Anglo-Saxons, but with the laughter-lovin' sons of France it's a mood.

"No French politician dreams of takin' office until he's tested his parachute an' safety belt, an' I see where the Red Cross is makin' a Cushion Drive to fix up a special landin' field for premiers. A member of the Chamber of Deputies is away from home so short a time that he doesn't even bother to kiss his wife good-by, an' about all a President does is to set 'em up on the other alley. No wonder the French are a temperate people. Go into a Paris café, slap your money on the bar, an' say: 'Boy s, this is on me. What'll you have?' an' every man in the place yells: 'I'll have an election.'

"They lead the life, 'Lonzo. Suppose it's a mornin' with lots of sun an' a soft wind blowin' up from the citron groves of Mandalay, or wherever the blamed stuff grows. What does our Gallic cousin do? He puts on the ribbon of the Legion of Honor that he got when his Pekinese had triplets, blows a kiss to the world an' unseals one of the windows. 'Hola, François,' he shouts to his neighbor. 'With the weather making so fine, what do you say to a little election to-day?'

The Best Dressed Parties

"THE news spreads, a crowd gathers, an' off they go, happy as children an' chatterin' like mad tryin' to decide who they'll *à bas* first. Finally, in the interests of accord, they agree on one big *à bas* for everybody. At the end of the day, when eleven brand-new parties have been given a majority in the Chamber of Deputies, an' disorder has been brought out of chaos, all go home relieved an' refreshed.

"How poor our own life seems in comparison with the Frenchman's rich, full existence! No democracy likes its public servants beyond the moment of election, 'Lonzo. Before they've gotten the chill out of their chairs, our enthusiasm has turned to peevishness an' in every fiber of our bein's we ache for the joy of givin' 'em the bum's rush. But there's always our Puritan traditions that rise up an' hold us back. Because we are afraid of pleasure an' believe in mortifyin' the flesh, we put as long a time as possible between elections an' then don't go to 'em. About the only hope we've got is Roxie Stinson an' Gaston Means.

"Of course the French political system lends itself more to pleasure than ours, for over there they have parties to fit every taste, style, color, occupation, an' mood. If a voter doesn't see what he wants in the windows or on the counter, he can have somethin' tailored while he waits, or if his wife is handy with the needle, he can take a slogan home an' have her work out a pattern all his own. When it comes to parties, the French are the best dressed people in the world, for you never see two men wearin' the same styles.

"With only two parties to choose from, we Americans have no expression at all. When a Republican wants a bright, snappy La Follette model, he's got to take a Brandegee as well, an' if his taste runs to somethin' quiet an' conservative in Smoots, a Brookhart is always wrapped up in the package. Same way with the Democrats—Al Smiths an' Bryans, Underwoods an' McAdoos, all jumbled up together so that when you take one you've got to take all. No wonder 26,000,000 people stay at home on Election Day rather than go out dressed that way."

No Blood is Better Than Ink

"YOU can't tell me them French ain't crazy," insisted Mr. Stubbs. "Look at the way they're always fightin' duels."

"What's crazy about that?" demanded Uncle Henry. "Every people has a right to its own national sport. The English read 'Punch,' we watch buildin's bein' torn down, the Greeks start new governments, the Japanese are always havin' their pride hurt, the Swedes break dishes, an' the Russians go in for epilepsy an' other forms of dancin'. If you ask me, I'll say that we might do worse than adopt duelin' ourselves. It's a clean sport, hurts nobody, an' provides good, wholesome entertainment without a cent of cost to the spectators.

"Our own style of settlin' disputes is much more dangerous. Not so long ago a Congressman threw a desk at a fellow member, an' it was only the mercy of heaven that it wasn't broken beyond repair. Legislators are always hurlin' ink bottles at each other, not that ink would show on any of 'em, but it's hard to get out of carpets. I reckon you're mixin' up French duels with the bloody affairs we used to have before men took it as a compliment to be called anythin' worse than a horse thief.

"Why, 'Lonzo, a French duel isn't any more dangerous than any other Daily Dozen, an' there's no risk to it at all if you bundle up well an' keep out of drafts. If any of 'em ever hurt each other, they'd be barred from all the best barber shops an' forced to trim their own whiskers. Doctors recommend the code in cases of heartburn, sluggish liver an' crumblin' arches.

"When I was in Paris I always turned to the amusement column the first thing to see if any poet had been insulted. Over here, 'Lonzo, we can say anything we want to about a poet, an' we do, but in France you might as well slap Jack Dempsey as breathe a criticism concernin' a sonnet. You can't even read poetry in public without watchin' your facial expression, for the author may be watchin' you, an' anything short of enthusiasm is sure to bring a challenge.

"If the paper doesn't give the time or the place of the duel, all you've got to do is to follow the crowd. Long before dawn the streets are packed in front of the homes of both duelists, an' boys clingin' to the window ledges call down reports of progress. What with the shoutin' thousands, the newspaper photographers, an' the ticket speculators, the police are thrown completely off the track, an' by the way of further eludin' the sleuth-hounds of the law, the duel is usually fought in some secluded place like a public square. So absolute is the secrecy that sometimes the side-show people haven't more than a few hours to get their tents up, an' venders of toy balloons, pop, an' sandwiches frequently arrive on the scene all out of breath.

"Talk about your circus parades! Why, it takes three big gilded wagons jes' to carry the seconds to the duelin' grounds, not to mention the special correspondents, doctors, masseurs, dry cleaners, an' hairdressers. I can't begin to describe a duel to you, 'Lonzo. You've read accounts of the Battle of Waterloo, haven't you? Well, it's nothin' like that. Are you familiar with the fightin' at Gettysburg? Well, it's nothin' like that either. As a matter of fact, it's like nothin' else in the world.

The Tailor in the House

"AT FIRST the principals are inclined to ignore one another, but as the spirit of the game takes possession of 'em they draw closer an' closer. One falls, an' a claim of halitosis is made by his seconds, but the doctors hold that where both are at fault there can be no penalty.

"Again they fall to. Sometimes they are so close that their swords touch an' a shout of warnin' goes up from the crowd. Too late! Out on the high noon air rings the cry of a human bein' wounded to his very heart. The seconds lean forward with faces suddenly haggard, an' the swift hands of the surgeons busy themselves with the still form so full of life an' vigor but a moment ago. You can see by the shake of their heads that a cure is beyond their skill.

"'Is there a tailor in the house?' It's the voice of a second who refuses to give up hope.

"In response to the summons, a man comes down out of a tree, but after inspection, he too shakes his head. 'Even I, Antoine Dubosc,' he says, 'can do nothin' now. The trousers are torn beyond all mending."

"They ought to put a stop to the darned nonsense," Mr. Stubbs declared disgustedly.

"Maybe they will," said Uncle Henry. "The French Society for the Promotion of Duelin' is tryin' to put in a player-writer rule."

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JULY 12, 1924

Don't Cuss If You're Called a Liberal

WHEN someone points an accusing finger at you—it may happen any day now—and says: "I'm very much afraid you are a liberal!" don't feel insulted and start a row. Be proud of it. Bow and say: "Thank you."

The future belongs to the liberals. Not to the Liberals with a capital L. The capital-L Liberal isn't the genuine article at all. In England he is a member of a defeated political party. In America he is usually a professional kicker, with a set of pet ideas which he holds as blindly and fights for as intolerantly as the blackest reactionary or the reddest radical.

The real liberal doesn't let himself get captured and tagged by any political party. He hasn't any programs or panaceas or prejudices that he isn't quite willing to alter if you can show him a better way—and he's always honestly eager to be shown.

This doesn't mean that he is wishy-washy or flighty or afraid to have an opinion. On the contrary, he has a very definite creed.

There isn't any official body to speak for liberals, and in the nature of things there never will be. But it is fairly safe to set down the following as something like the credo of the true liberal:

1. I believe in open-mindedness, and will always listen patiently and hopefully to a new idea, even when it goes against one of my favorite old ideas.
2. I do not accept any new idea until I have put it to the test as any good scientist would do; nor do I cling to an outworn idea simply because I like it or because other people still cling to it.
3. I believe that opinions are easy to get and ought to be easy to change.
4. I believe that facts are hard to get and impossible to change; but I also know that many a so-called fact is not a fact at all, but only an assumption.
5. I care less about being consistent than about being constructive, remembering Emerson's words: "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."
6. I believe in free speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of assembly, as guaranteed by the Constitution, for I know that only through free discussion can facts be spread, opinions altered, and dangerous dogmas exposed to the light and destroyed.

That seems a simple and straightforward creed. But pig-headed people have always fought it. Witch burners and inquisitors and crucifiers, tyrants and lynchers and demagogues hate the liberal mind—because they fear it.

But the liberal mind is always the happiest mind, and the richest, and the most serviceable to other minds.

You can prove that by starting your liberalism at home, in all the family dealings. Establish liberal thought at the breakfast tables of the nation, and it will soon spread even to the topmost levels of industry, of the church, and of government. For it proves its strength and brings its own rewards.

Useful Blisters

THE bricklayer gets his twelve or fifteen dollars a day, the carpenter or painter his nine or better, and the man who barbers the lawn wants five, when he doesn't want six or seven. The mower, incidentally, uses our phone to give instructions about a bumper and stop light; while our plumber's car is magnificence itself.

"Labor" toots a blatant horn on the main highway to-day. But there's a silver lining—even for the other fellow—who must pay.

We know a man who took off his white collar and spent two days as a garage man's helper, learning inner secrets for future personal use; a woman who painted her own house; a couple who have just finished papering five rooms. We see soft-handed men buying tools, guaranteed to grow calloused spots with a few applications, every time we are downtown buying them ourselves. And down our street prosperous-looking men who get off the 5.40 five nights a week put in Saturday afternoon in public-spirited service—helping to make our village beautiful—with a lawn mower.

We have a theory, based on personal experience, that high wages are driving a lot of folks to useful knowledge and healthful work. We are prouder at the moment of a job of electric wiring than we are of our tennis score.

When family budgets cause the discard of white collars for amateur adventures in manual labor, a lesson is learned. There's an art in the economical use of a shovel. There's more skill involved in painting than meets the layman's eye. A sagging screen door is an architectural problem. The craftsman is worthy of his hire.

As that craftsman, in the flush of his prosperity, has acquired responsibility for such things as building and loan installments, taxes on real property, and tire bills, he also has learned something. All the social and economic experts of the nation might have concocted a better scheme for drawing us into a single family—but we doubt it.

A Great Man Speaks of His Country

IN AMERICA nearly every man has his dream, his pet scheme, whereby he is to advance himself socially or pecuniarily. . . . It is a characteristic which is both bad and good, for both the individual and the nation: good because it allows neither to stand still, but drives both forever on, toward some point or other which is ahead, not behind nor at one side; bad because the chosen point is often badly chosen, and then the individual is wrecked; the aggregation of such cases affects the nation, and so is bad for the nation. Still, it is a trait which it is, of course, better for a people to have and sometimes suffer from than to be without.

We have also touched upon one sad feature, and it is one which we found little pleasure in handling. That is the shameful corruption which lately crept into our politics, and in a handful of years has spread until the pollution has affected some portion of every state and every territory in the Union.

But I have a great strong faith in a noble future for my country. A vast majority of the people are straightforward and honest, and this late state of things is stirring them to action. If it would only keep on stirring them until it became the habit of their lives to attend to the politics of the country personally, and put only their very best men into positions of trust and authority! That day will come. . . .

This "timely" comment on conditions in America was written by Mark Twain as part of the preface to the English edition of "The Gilded Age," which, so far as we know, has not before been published in this country. That preface is dated December 11, 1873.

Going to Market With the Boss

FRANK FARRINGTON, president of the Illinois district, United Mine Workers of America, and chairman of the 1924 scale committee, can, when the bell rings, hit the coal operators as hard as the next man. For several years he's carried a rating among union coal miners as for the miners against the world.

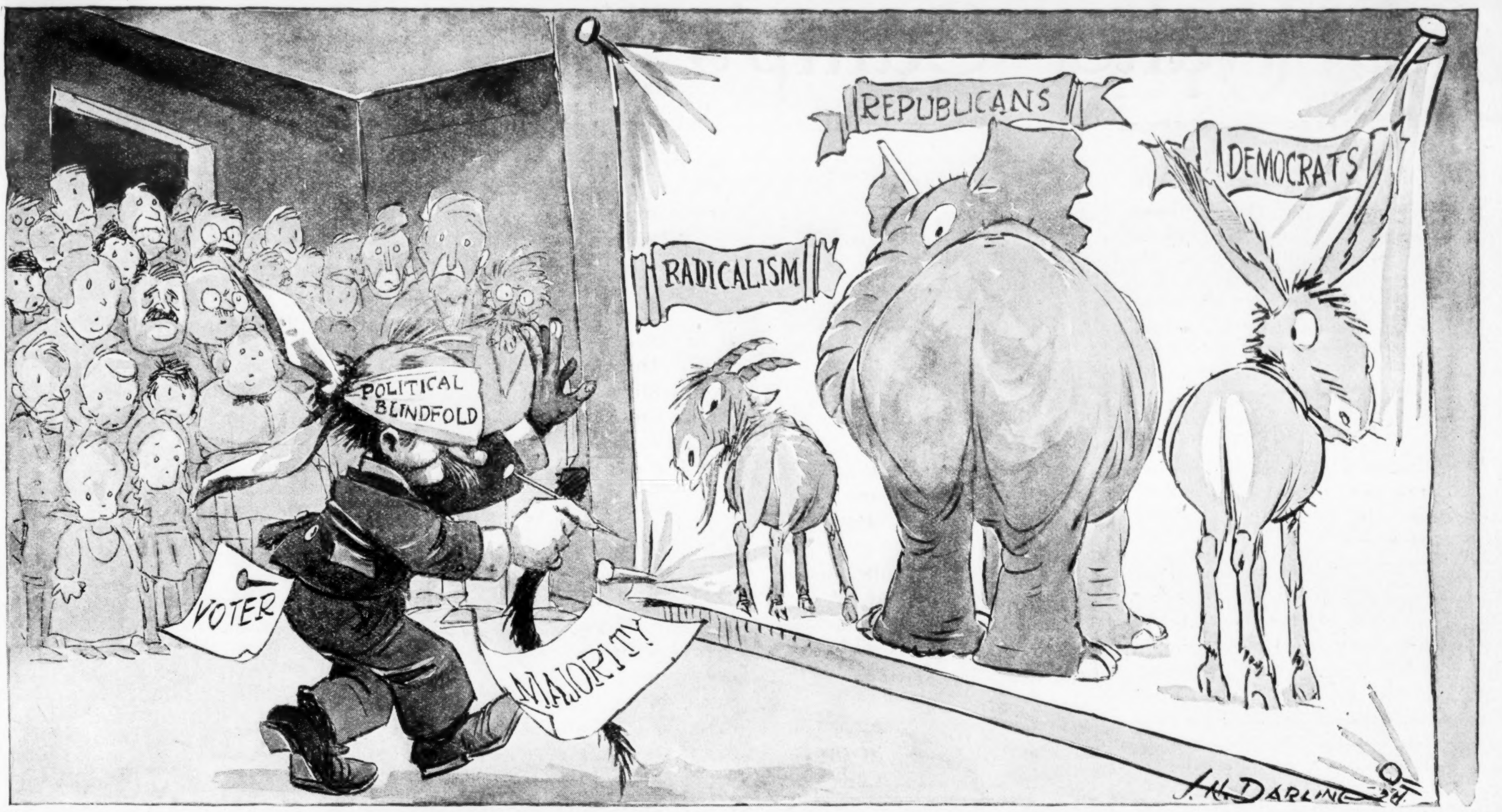
When the Illinois mine workers held a state convention last May, he attributed the 150 closed Illinois mines and 30,000 idle Illinois miners to market conditions favoring coal brought out at less cost in the competitive nonunion fields. He told the Illinois miners the way to get work again was to join with their bosses in meeting the nonunion production competition. "Without markets there can be no work," he said. Farrington risked his neck on that statement—and he still has his neck. And the public is likely to listen the next time he has something to tell the world.

"The Best Shall Serve the State"

OTTO H. KAHN expressed the view recently that rich men were "investments that the community had made," and that they owed the community "dividends in service." His view is decorously modest rather than strictly accurate.

The rich man, if he acquires his fortune from the receipts for value delivered in goods or services, has already enriched his fellows as much as they have enriched him.

The kind of account that no amount of service can write off is the obligation of men of merit and ability to put to public use their powers. Mr. Kahn holds the particular kind of power that wealth and business judgment confer. He and others, quite otherwise blessed, share the kind of obligation that is always due and never paid off. It does not rest on the wealthy alone.



We begin to suspect that most people play their political game this way

Coddling the Boy Mollies the Man

DAN BEARD rose high in the midst of the St. Louis convention of the national council of the Boy Scouts of America and denounced a discussion of the advisability of equipping Scout camps with electric lights and swimming pools. He was trying to head off what he called a lip-stick and pocket-comb movement among Scout leaders.

More power to him. A boy has to do his own growing. He has to do his own stuff. Nature fixed things that way to make men. You can pad his way, but there's no padding his arrival. He lands hard when landing time comes, and if he's soft then he never quite gets over it.

How We Get That Way

THE horsepower used per man in England is about one half that required in the United States. It is no mere accident that the wages are also one half. The horsepower per man consumed in Japan is about one fourth that in the United States and, curiously enough, the wages paid are also about one fourth.

If our standards of living are higher than those of any other country, if our labor produces more and earns more, it is because we are users of power and automatic machinery.

During the twenty years that preceded the war the annual national per capita earnings in the United States increased 116 per cent, those in Germany 52 per cent, France 27 per cent, and Great Britain 21 per cent. It would be no difficult matter to correlate these significant percentages with our greater use of power-driven labor-saving machines.

When Pa and the Boys Go Camping

MA IS always glad to have Pa and the boys go off on a camping trip. She's too diplomatic to tell them why, but the reason is that when they are out camping Pa and the boys spend about four hours getting breakfast and cleaning up the mess afterwards (if you can call it cleaning up), and about two hours getting lunch and cleaning up that mess, and about four hours getting supper and washing the supper dishes and fixing their beds.

They like it—it's a great life. It takes them right back to nature. But when they get home, Ma notices they do sort of enjoy having a mattress and perhaps a clean sheet and a floor or two between them and the rock that frequently represents nature when they are sleeping out; and they don't really object to strawberry shortcake, mashed potatoes, popovers, waffles, roast chicken, gooseberry pie, and a chance to sit on the porch while Ma and the hired girl do the dishes. A good camping trip throws a new light on home and its principal female inhabitant. It makes Pa and the boys mighty docile for a while, Ma says.

Motoring Down Main Street

MAIN STREET owns more motor cars than any other street in the world. Nine per cent of our population lives in towns of 1,000 to 5,000 population, but owns more than 20 per cent of our motor cars. For every thousand who live on or within a stone's throw of Main Street, there are 230 motor vehicles registered, according to a report just issued by the Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

About thirty of these are trucks. There remains a car for each family and all of Main Street can pile in and motôr to the city at one time if it wishes.

But if the seventy-five proud cities whose Chambers of Commerce boast populations above 100,000 wanted to depart simultaneously on a motor holiday, it would be necessary to load seventeen persons into each motor car.

Main Street wins by better than three to one.

Cashing a "Yes" at the Bank

A KANSAS banker bought some space in his local daily newspaper and dared a lot of his farmer customers to quit raising a surplus of wheat for immigrants now barred from the United States and start raising enough dairy products for immigrants established in the United States long enough to be able to satisfy their yearning for butter and ice cream. He didn't say he was cold on wheat-supported loans, but he did say he had "the nerve to make loans on milk cows." He's what might be called something more than a yes-banker. Next to a few more country bankers who can say no at the right time, what the financially distressed farmer most needs is a few more yes-bankers of the Kansas school.

100 Per Cent Teeth

ATLANTA dentists have just completed a fine bit of service to the children of one of their largest schools. Through a campaign of education they persuaded the parents of 300 out of the total of 570 pupils to have their mouths put in perfect condition by their family dentists. The remaining 270 were cared for by 60 dentists giving each a half day's time, a total donation of 300 hours. Result, a whole school with 100 per cent teeth.

Walter Camp's Sport Page

In this unusual picture the horse Joffre looks as if he were standing still; instead, he is in the act of taking three graduated hurdles from a standing take-off. Major Sloan Doak is showing him

Speculating on the Pennant

AS THIS is written the Yankees seem to be the strongest in the American League, although their opposition in the East, with the Red Sox showing new life, isn't as flabby as it was in 1923. In the West the Tigers and Browns must still be given an outside chance with such dynamic figures as Cobb and Sisler leading the charge.

The National League race seems to be a more open affair. The Giant pitching is still about what it was in 1923, but the New York team still has power at bat and John McGraw on the bench, and the years have proved this combination to be a hard one to beat. According to report, dissension cheated Cincinnati of a good start. If the Reds work together they should have the best chance to lead the Giants home at the end of the long chase, but no racing car ever flashed across the line a winner with even a single spark plug refusing to do its share of the work.

Tilden and Training

"Mathey started with a rush and made things interesting at the outset," a report on a recent match between Bill Tilden and Dean Mathey reads, "but the tremendous stamina, a vital part of Tilden's game, gave him the power to outlast the former Princeton star."

Tilden has great natural ability for tennis, but he has protected that ability and made it 100 per cent effective by strict attention to training rules.

Brilliancy vs. Constant Practice

Early brilliancy in sport attracts attention, but it is the man who builds his game slowly and methodically until he achieves a structure that is strong from the foundations up who will last. Bobby Jones was a star at golf when he was fourteen, but it was probably fortunate that he had to wait until he was twenty-one to win a national title, for now that he has arrived he has a background of painstaking preparation that will keep him on the heights for years.

Bill Tilden was slow in arriving at the top, but on the way up he was working to perfect every department of his game. I do not, however, like at all the cartilage displacement in his knee. Athletes who have once displaced a semi-lunar cartilage in the knee are always thereafter doubtful propositions, and I fear this may prove true of Tilden. Jones, as the result of sound preparation, is the most consistent medal-play golfer in the world. His average per round for the open championships of 1920, '21, '22, and '23 is 73½. His arrival at the top was inevitable. In his first open he finished in ninth place. A year later he was fifth. Then he was second, and in 1923 he won after a tie. With that sort of progression as a background one never needs to worry over what the future has in store.

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"The acquisition of the correct form simply means that you will be able to do a difficult thing well and easily." Thus a famous sports teacher. It also means that you can go on doing it well over a stretch of years. John Ball, probably the most brilliant of all the English amateur golfers, is a living proof of this statement. Ball is to-day past sixty, but because he mastered the mechanics of the golf swing in the beginning he can still get close to par or even under the figures that denote perfection with monotonous regularity. Power and enthusiasm will only carry you so far. If the winning march is to be continued, knowledge and study must be called in as aids.

Hit the Ball Right

A common worry is that inspired by a seeming lack of reward for great effort. The wise men don't worry over results if they know the effort is being applied in the right manner.

Take the case of Bobby Jones as an illustration. At fourteen he was a star golfer, but it was seven years later before he won a national title. His friends worried over the lack of a national championship to reward his fine game, but George Sargent, president of the Professional Golfers' Association and one of the wise men of the game, didn't worry. Sargent saw Jones play only two holes in the Southerner's first open championship.

"I knew then," Sargent said, "that he was bound to win a national championship. It was inevitable because he was hitting the ball right."

Hard Work and Overwork

Can a man die or seriously injure his health from overwork? Yes, in specific cases. But the charge that men die from overwork is itself overworked. The most frequent cause of breakdown or death, with too much work as the apparent cause, is the coupling of hard work with an utter lack of respect for even the ordinary rules of health.

I have in mind a man whose business demands terrific work at stated intervals of the year. He performs the work demanded of him, but as he throws all his nervous force into the accomplishment of the task at hand he drinks coffee to excess and smokes incessantly. The result is an inevitable breakdown, compelling an extended rest. Needing all his energy to accomplish a particular job, he does the thing that will most quickly destroy this energy. Some day this man may have a complete breakdown or an early death may result. His friends will say that he died from overwork, but they will be wrong.

Working to the limit of one's capacity on an interesting job should be a healthful occupation. It will be if just a little common sense is used to see that the wellsprings of vitality are not sucked dry by dissipation or neglect.

Keeping the Eye on the Ball

In all sport there is too great a discussion of minor technicalities of achievement, discussions that tend to throw the confused beginner off the right trail. In golf one hears the constant cry of: "Keep your eye on the ball." Stewart Maiden, the stocky little Scot who taught Bobby Jones and Alexa Stirling how to shoot straight down the fairway, once expressed a proper scorn for this counsel when he said: "I should think if a person meant to hit a ball he would at least attempt to keep his eye on it."

Macdonald Smith, one of the finest golfers in the world, once said that he didn't bother about keeping his eye on the ball for the drive if he knew that his swing was right. In tennis, baseball, or golf the beginner should first master the mechanics of the right swing. Once that is acquired he should think of nothing but hitting the ball a certain distance. Do all your planning and experimenting in advance. Once the swing is started there should be no thought in the brain except the firm determination to go through with the swing for all there is in it.

Carpentier Needed a Fight

GEORGES CARPENTIER missed at least fifty right swings against Tom Gibbons. If a single one had landed in the right spot Carpentier would have won by a knockout. The Frenchman's ability to last ten rounds against Gibbons shows what attention to diet and exercise can and will do for the human body. Carpentier to-day is past thirty, an old man as far as the ring goes. He has been fighting steadily for almost a score of years. Yet against the punishing Gibbons he showed almost all of his old vitality.

Two or three days after his fight with Dempsey, Carpentier was honored with a banquet in New York, a feast that included both solid and liquid refreshment. He ate sparingly of the food offered him and managed to respond to all the toasts with only a single glass of wine.

"I am never out of training," he explained to an American friend who had expected the Frenchman to relax and disobey some of his rigid laws of self-discipline after his terrific fight with Dempsey.

"My judgment of distance and my accuracy were very bad," Carpentier said immediately after Tom Gibbons had defeated him. "I found that I needed another fight or two very badly. I had only had two short fights in two years, a minute against Beckett and about four minutes against Townley."

In spite of all the trick formulas, the prosaic business of working at one's trade is still an excellent method of getting out of you the best you have to give.

Tendler Talked—and Lost

When Lew Tendler fought Benny Leonard for the first time, he had the lightweight champion within one punch of a knockout in the eighth round. Then Leonard talked to Tendler, and Tendler made the mistake of listening.

"They told me you could hit," Leonard jeered while his knees sagged and he fought desperately to clear his clouded brain. "Why don't you come in and make a fight of it."

Tendler talked back and while he talked Leonard's head cleared and the champion went on to win the fight, proving again that too much conversation is a dangerous thing. Let the other fellow talk.

It will also be gathered by the observing that this same motto applies to effort outside of the sports field.

Better Ponies Won

Arizona's polo team came out of the West with enthusiasm, color, and personality to carry into the fight for a championship against Princeton. Princeton had enthusiasm, better ponies, and a better technical knowledge of the game.

The resultant victory for Princeton was inevitable, for experience is still the most effective teacher any game has known.

If your Health is threatened—

You should know the power of this natural fresh food

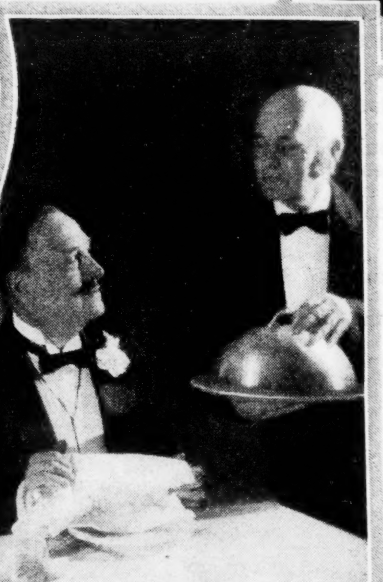
THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected — this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

"'TRY TWO cakes of fresh yeast every day,' said the specialist. My constipation was of 20 years' standing, and I had begun to feel it would always be thus. That yeast treatment was started 15 months ago. Since the end of the first four or five weeks, I have not had the slightest need for purgatives of any kind. The benefits cannot be measured in money. Now I find I can eat any food or combination of foods without fear of a constipating effect; my appetite and digestion are perfect."

(Mr. Frank E. Rice of Ithaca, N. Y.)



"INNUMERABLE boils on each of the three children. All treatment seemed in vain. Three medicine spoons went down three tiny throats twenty times daily. Boils still came. The little sisters still cried.

"When at last the doctor suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, the household laughed. But soon the boils came less frequently. And when three little girls began to spread Fleischmann's Yeast instead of butter on their bread, the boils disappeared entirely."

(Extract from letter of Mrs. Mary H. Lloyd of New Albany, Ind.)

"ACNE blotches had covered my face, and as my engagements to sing became frequent I felt more and more sensitive over my disfigured complexion. In desperation I used soaps, ointments, tried dieting, and even a series of 20 X-ray treatments.

"After every other measure had failed, I began eating 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Scarcely two weeks had passed before my complexion began to clear, the blotches fading and no new ones had appeared. At the end of a month my face had regained its youthful texture, and was free from blemishes."

(A letter from Miss Caroline Curtiss, a New York concert singer)

"IN MARCH, 1920, I read your 'Yeast for Health' advertisement. Frankly, I did not believe it. For years I had been troubled with an acid condition of the stomach: 'heartburn,' constipation, no pep. Merely out of curiosity I tried yeast—and was agreeably astonished. My digestion improved rapidly. That stuffy feeling caused by a heavy meal disappeared. My bowels function without artificial assistance. The acidity has not returned and my daily dose of soda is a thing of the past. In brief, I was not merely relieved—I was *cured.*"

(A letter from Mr. M. M. Glauber, an Oklahoman)

"SINCE childhood, I have had to resort to taking salts every two weeks to relieve constipation. It was very seldom that I had a natural, healthy appetite. A night never passed that I would sleep soundly. Then I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. My appetite began to increase, and my constipation gave way gradually to a healthy, regular, daily discharge of waste. Now each morning finds me full of life and vitality."

(Extract from letter of Mr. F. A. Christopherson of Fresno, California)

"ALL MY life I have been constantly annoyed with indigestion and a cankered, sore mouth—caused by acidity of the stomach. Fleischmann's Yeast has effected a permanent cure of my stomach and mouth troubles, and I consider Yeast as much a necessity as a tooth-brush or my bath."

(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Hugo V. Bolin of Ponca City, Oklahoma)

EAT
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
FOR
HEALTH

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (*just hot enough to drink*)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day — spread on bread or crackers — dissolved in fruit juices or milk —or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep fresh in *your* ice box as well as in the grocer's.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. E-6, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

The Miniature

Continued from page 6

grown unruly—hoping and fearing that Nathan would come by, as he so often had before. But he never did, and her father would lean across the half door and shout at her in his Cape Horn bellow to come in and get his housekeeping shipshape instead of hanging on gateposts.

When Nathan did come, it was to the great house on the hill. Faith herself opened the door to him, palpitant.

"The captain's in a moil of papers at the office," he told her. "I couldn't sail without bidding you good-by."

"Why haven't you come before, Nathan? I was afraid you were angered, somehow."

"Not angered, Faith—feared."

"Nathan—you! That's not true, I know."

They were sitting carefully in the drawing-room, each on a ponderous walnut chair.

"Feared for you, Faith, not myself. If the captain knew I'd come—it might go ill for you."

"How absurd! Why, you've always come. He knows what a good friend you are."

"He knows I'd lief be more'n a friend. You're his wife now, Faith."

"But it seems so as if it all could be the same. I can't understand why it must be so different."

"That's because you're the sweetest flower ever the island grew."

He had risen and was staring stiffly out of the long window to the garden slopes, just greening with new grass, and to the smoke-blue sea and the masts of the Mandragora beyond.

"When are you sailing, Nat?" She was tremulous still from his pretty speech.

"To-morrow at sunrise, on the ebb." He turned swiftly. "Will you come, Faith?"

"No, no! I told you, Nat—how could I? You say yourself it's all different. I can't see why your coming to see me is wicked—but that would be. You know it would."

"That would be different still. It would be open defiance, not underhand pretense."

"I think Captain Bodney loves me, Nat. It would hurt him so."

"Hurt him! Good God! I should like to hurt him—I should like to break him and shatter him. Then you *do* love him, Faith?"

"I love you, Nathan." She had not meant to say it. He was beside her instantly.

"Then you must come! God never meant to mate you with him."

"God never meant me to break a holy vow. Nat—you must go away. It *is* different. I'm feared, *now!* Oh, why didn't you let it be!"

HE LEANED his hand heavily against the wall, and the miniature stirred on its long ribbon beneath the sconce. He stood gazing at the young, eager face painted within the plain gold locket. Then he slowly lifted it from its place and slipped the ribbon about his neck.

"I'll take this much of you—no, don't hinder me. I'm leashing myself with this strand of ribbon. You've a right to be feared. I'm going. It's only because you're you and I'd be breaking something even more precious than your vows that I'm not taking you."

"Nat—it was my mother's; it—"

But he crushed her words with one fierce, sudden kiss, and had gone. The high room was still and cool; a perilous peace flooded back into it, drowning Faith. She stumbled to the window too late to see Nathan fling wide the picket gate and drop below the brow of the hill.

She found a woman's escape from thought in tears. Her face was none too contained even when the captain came home late, the last of the Mandragora business done.

"You're yaller as a Chinaman, Faith," he reproved her. "What's my wife been doing to lose her pretty pinks?"

"I think I must have gardened too long; the sun is getting to be summer-hot, Joseph."

How easy deceit was, with fear to prick it on!

"Best stay in, then. Your posies'll rear themselves. What do you say to a game of checkers? I'll be thinking cargo till morning unless I put something else in my head."

She brought the inlaid board and the men of colored bone, and spread them on the little stand before his chair. He could always beat her, even when her mind was on the game; he would see nothing amiss if she lost to-night. He busied himself arranging the pieces on their squares.

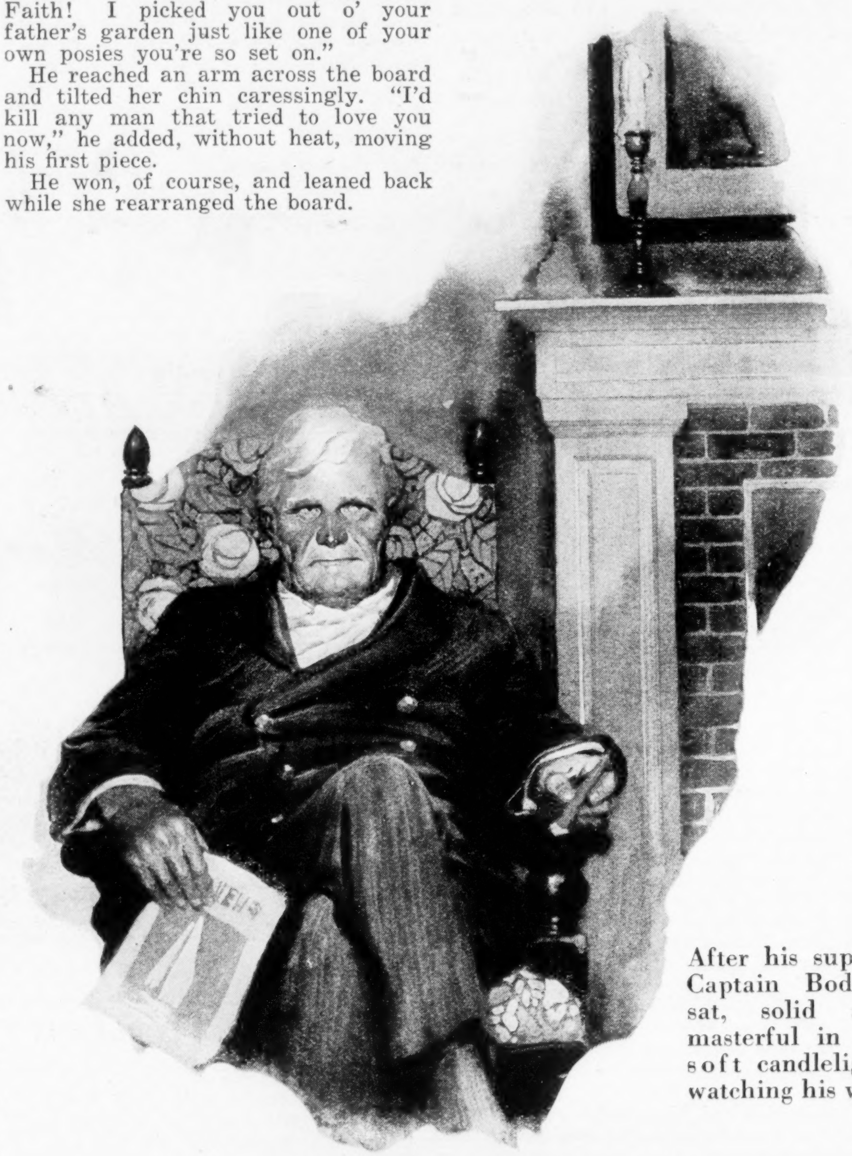
"Nathan's set to sail at dawn. He has a way with a ship. And more sense'n I credited him with—I feared he'd be chasing bygones and running after you every day he was ashore."

"He knows I'm yours, Joseph."

"You *are* mine, a'n't you, little Faith! I picked you out o' your father's garden just like one of your own posies you're so set on."

He reached an arm across the board and tilted her chin caressingly. "I'd kill any man that tried to love you now," he added, without heat, moving his first piece.

He won, of course, and leaned back while she rearranged the board.



After his supper Captain Bodney sat, solid and masterful in the soft candlelight, watching his wife

"Hello! Not content to let the little picture show itself?" He queried all at once, his eyes lighting on the sconce where the miniature had hung.

"Joseph, that wasn't a safe place for it. Every breeze swung it and knocked it against the wall."

"Then we'll fix to set a proper peg for it. Where have you stowed it, eh, Posy?"

He rose and fumbled through her workbox, spilling a bobbin or two on the floor.

" 'Tisn't there," she said, truly enough. "It was so precious to mother, Joseph! Somehow I feel it should be kept precious, for her sake."

This was worse—lying in her mother's name. He took the break in her voice to be an echo of her grief, not long past, and stroked her arm gently.

"There! I wouldn't want to go against your mother. Stow it where you please, my dear. Maybe some day we can have a copy made for the foolish husband."

But that night he woke in the cool light of a setting moon, with suspicion assailing his pillow. His last dream had been big with it—he saw a ribbon about a man's neck, a smooth gold locket thrust within a shirt bosom. The more he tried to put the vision away from him the clearer it grew; the moon shone into his eyes and maddened him. He shook his wife awake. She found him, half-dressed, bending above her.

"I'm sailing with the Mandragora," he said in a burst, astonished at the loud, harsh sound of his own pent-up voice. "I've business in China. . . . I thought to trust Randall with it—but he's young, after all."

He was flinging on his waistcoat, tying his neckcloth askew. Too dazed to exclaim or protest, Faith sat upright, a pale little figure in the tester-bed, watching his hurried movements as if they were those of a dream shape. He gave her a long, terrible kiss that forced her back to the pillow, and was gone. She heard his heavy running steps smiting hollow down the stairs, and out, crunching on the pebbled path under the moon.

Then realization burst over her in a dizzy flash, and she clung, gasping, to the windowsill.

"He has gone to kill Nathan! One or the other of them will never come back alive! Joseph! Joseph!"

But the low moon silvered the quiet lilac bushes, and the far murmur of surf on the outer shoal was the only sound. Faith slipped back within the window, sensible only of the stifling beat of her own heart. . . .

THE first light showed gray on the great sails of the Mandragora as they were set one by one. The anchor lights still glimmered pale. Men moved with lanterns; the sounds of a long-drag chantey swelled as the topsail yards went to the masthead.

A long time and a very long time.
To me way-ha-ha-ya!
A long time and a very long time,
And a long time ago!

Nathan Randall stood looking aloft, his brass speaking trumpet in his hand. The Mandragora swung to the tide with the freshing wind in her head sails.

I bought in Hongkong a pretty silk dress.
To me way-ha-ha-ya!

"Smart crew."

Nathan wheeled to find the owner of the Mandragora standing just behind him—face crimson above his crooked neckcloth; his breath ill-caught from some exertion.

"Sir! What has got you out of your bed? We're sailing. Is your business long?"

Nathan, as he spoke, glanced anxiously up at the filling sails; he was loth to heave to just as his ship was getting under way.

"I'm sailing with you, Nathan—passenger. I couldn't rest easy without my own hands on that affair in China. I thought I could stay off the sea, in peace and comfort—but I find I can't."

And he gave the young captain a hard, steady look that dropped from Nathan's unfaltering gray eyes to the bosom of his tightly buttoned reefer.

"I'm sure we're honored," said Nathan with composure. "I'll tell the boy to go and put my cabin in shape for you." And he raised his trumpet to shout a final order for'ard.

The last "way-ha-ha-ya" of the sail-setting chantey had died; the orderly bustle had subsided; the helmsman had his course, and the Mandragora stepped smartly outward past the lightship, into a sea all amber and coral with the full flush of dawn.

FAITH, crouched still beside the window, saw the Mandragora sail. When the sun was high and the dew had gone from the garden, a speck far down seaward still marked her lofty lift of canvas. And Joseph Bodney did not come back up the hill. Below, Hannah discreetly clinked silverware and clattered cups. Neither master nor mistress came to breakfast. Faith, thinking more clearly now than she had at all, walked about the bedroom stopping now and again beside the window as if fascinated by that ship hull-down on the horizon.

One of two things could have happened. Nathan had killed Bodney, or Bodney had killed Nathan and taken command of the vessel. In any event she could know nothing till the end of the voyage—a year, perhaps. Such a thing had not occurred to her in that first moment of horror when Joseph had started up from his bed. Whatever was to happen would be soon finished, she had thought, and she would know. Numbly she watched the horizon, and when there was not even a speck there and the Mandragora had dropped over the world's rim, she ran out in the garden—for the great house engulfed her suddenly with its silence and its indifference.

Faith could not know that aboard the Mandragora her husband and Nathan Randall faced each other with an aspect of amity across the breakfast board; that with a studied control they were to share for weeks the confines of a ship. But sometimes in those weeks Bodney's hotter humor surged intolerably upon him; his suspicion screamed at him to denounce Randall, to snatch open his shirt and reveal the ribbon and locket that the eyes of his imagination showed him so plainly there. But the complete absence of fear or apprehension in Nathan's manner gave him pause. More than once hot-headedness had spilled trouble for Bodney. What if his suspicion was but suspicion—if open accusation of the young captain should only bring needless dishonor to his wife's name and loose the swift dark wings of rumor? Again and again he turned back from the implication he longed to make, waiting for a chance settlement of the question.

The Mandragora dipped down the coast, with nothing to break the easy miles she left behind each day, and the menace of Cape Horn still far ahead. All the more fierce and unexpected was the pampero that swept in on her without warning off the River Plate. The foretopmast was gone before all hands could be roused out. Nathan, half-dressed, clung to the weather rail, outroaring the wind. Men struggled aloft to shorten sail before all the canvas should be snatched from the boltropes. The main course boomed like the cannonading of fiends before it split and shipped out in tatters on the yard. Green water came solid over the bows, smashing in the bulwarks, knocking down men as it swept along the docks.

Joseph Bodney had scrambled out, and stood near Nathan, hanging to a weather rope. But his eyes were neither for the men working like demons aloft nor for the mounting welter of the sea. He gazed, half blinded by salt and wind, at Nathan's drenched shirt, its neckband ripped open, a narrow black ribbon crossing the bare chest beneath.

"You carry my wife's likeness on your heart," he screamed against the hundred noises of the ship and the storm—pent-up words, perhaps often rehearsed— "She gave it to you, the—"

"This is no time either for insult or pleasantry," shouted Nathan. "I'm trying to save my ship."

"She's my ship," cried Bodney. "I don't give a damn whether you save her or not!"

Nevertheless the Mandragora staggered up head to sea and lay groaning and rolling, the force of the pampero spent. Men lost no time in freeing the tangle of the snapped foretopmast and busied themselves with the sorely strained maintop. There was work enough for captain as well as crew, but Bodney would not loose his hold on Nathan's dripping arm.

"Come below," he said hoarsely. "There's eyes and ears here."

"Here's my place," Nathan said. "Here I stay." His gray eyes took on the menace of the leaden sky.

"Then, by the Lord, I'll have it off you here and now!" and Bodney with a sudden plunge had the plain locket in his hand, with the ribbon taut about Nathan's neck.

But a strange, stifling look inflamed his face, and Nathan, holding hard his own breath, bent his head to look too. Salt water stood in rounded drops on blank ivory. Whatever features had once been painted there the sea effaced utterly.

"Cannot a man wear a locket about his neck but you must leap on him like a savage, sir?" said Nathan steadily. "There's other ports beside the island, Captain Bodney, and plenty enough of women besides your wife."

With a gesture of helpless defeat, and a choked, inarticulate sound, Bodney let fall the locket to Nathan's chest and walked quickly aft. Nathan stood erect, looking with a faint, grave smile at the great shifting hills of the sea.

LILACS were again well-nigh past when the Mandragora came home. Faith saw, and cradled her baby in the east room, and ran up to the captain's walk, her thin skirt fluttering against the white balustrade. Balancing the great brass telescope against the rail, she knelt to get the Mandragora within its range. She saw yards come down, sails furled; she almost thought she heard scraps of the bunting-up chantey. An unmistakable figure moved on the quarterdeck—Joseph Bodney raising an imperious hand, giving orders—skippering the Mandragora. She saw him come ashore, lost him behind the warehouses, knew that now he would be climbing the dusty hill. For a moment she let the wind up there on the captain's walk blow her wits clear and her cheeks bright; then she ran down to gather up the little Josephine in her long gown, and be ready to meet Captain Bodney squarely on the doorsill.

There he found her—grown a serious woman in this year, able to meet him with a courage she had learned in months he would never know the tale of. His face changed as he saw the small person blinking and stirring in her arm; almost before he greeted her he put a blunt finger beneath the tiny chin and turned the little face to him. There was the mother's fine, soft hair and delicate skin; and in the straight-set blue eyes and short upper lip an unmistakable hint of himself—Joseph Bodney.

" 'Tisn't always the traveler that brings the surprise packet," said Captain Bodney: "A boy, Faith, to follow the sea?"

"No." Her voice came steadier than she had hoped. "No, it's Josephine. At least she can't break some woman's heart, going to sea."

"Ay, but she can break some man's," said Captain Bodney, passing into the house with his unhurried gait.

It was so well-remembered, to have him sitting there—solid, substantial, across the table in the candlelight. This time forever. Faith wondered if she had waited long enough to ask the question—if even now it would seem too eager. Nathan? But her husband answered before she asked it.

"I brought the Mandragora home, Faith. Nathan Randall's not with us."

HER hands, tense in the folds of the napkin in her lap, grew cold and tremulous. Then it was true—Joseph had killed him, killed him before Nathan could vow to God that the little there had been between him and her was over forever. The candle flames shot higher before her wide-open eyes; Bodney's slow voice spoke through the blur.

"I left him in Hongkong. He's no longer with the company—striking out for himself. I doubt the island'll see him again. He has a level head—an *exceedingly* level head. He should do well."

"Yes—you always said he was a smart sailor."

Captain Bodney drew out a cheroot and lighted it as they went into the drawing-room. Faith's workbox was a confusion of little flannels and fine lawn. Bodney stood looking at them through the lavender cloud of smoke.

"That miniature, Faith—we must fix a place for it."

Looking up at him clearly, she told her last lie—less of a lie than she thought it.

"Joseph, I'm sorry. The miniature is hid where nobody will ever see it again. It's foolish, maybe, but I want nobody to look at it but mother—that it was meant for."

He looked at her keenly, and her gaze did not falter.

"Ay—your mother," he said.

Josephine wailed above, and Faith put aside her work and rose, finding the first of recurrent escapes in the child's need. Bodney walked about the room, then opened the window and tossed the butt of his cheroot out. He did not close the window at once, but stood beside it, looking into the spring dusk. Anchor lights shone in the harbor; sweet as a dream sound the Mandragora's bell struck once. The fragrance of dew-laden lilacs came to him, intolerably. Captain Bodney shut the window slowly.

What Ty Cobb Has Learned

By Dayton Stoddart

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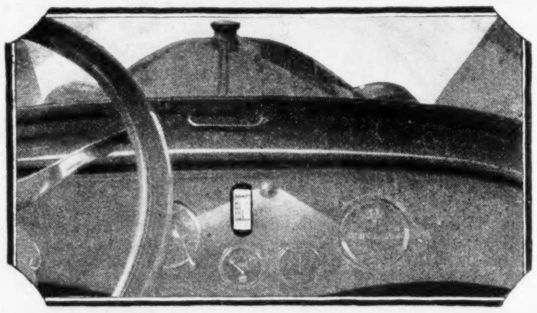

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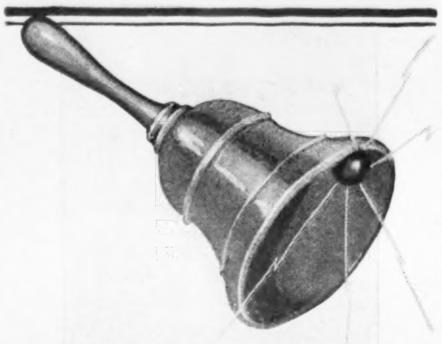

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Racine Has Started Something

By Walter Lincoln Whittlesey

RACINE, Wisconsin, likes the Clark-Collier idea and is now getting busy with it. That's the whole story in a nutshell.

Collier's published this plan in the issue of March 1st and offered to help explain and present the basic ideas to any town interested in the experiment. Some public-spirited men of Racine liked the notion and had Mr. F. H. Bartlett, secretary of their Association of Commerce, telegraph acceptance of Collier's offer. Other towns responded but Racine was first.

James T. Clark, a lawyer of Washington, D. C., son of Dr. Charles C. P. Clark, who originated the plan, accompanied me to Racine to see what we could do to help. The first afternoon was spent getting acquainted and looking about.

We found Racine a live and interesting sort of place. A solidly built manufacturing city of paved streets, brick buildings, and frame houses, it stretches for about five miles along the western shore of Lake Michigan. The 67,000 inhabitants live in fifteen fairly natural wards, and the typical ward has about 1,500 to 2,400 potential voters.

Racine is a thoroughly American city and its people take that same casual come-and-go interest in voting that you can note in your own home town. It was hard to get people out to the polls, hard to interest them in projects that aimed to benefit the future of the city as a whole. Both voters and officials were likely to slide into the old-time how-will-this-hit-my-ward frame of mind.

And Racine is changing too fast to make that policy of doubt-and-drift a safe policy for steering its city government.

The census and the school census report growth of population as follows:

1910—38,002
1920—58,593
1923—64,218

That presages about 125,000 population by 1950. Also, it points straight at the need of getting more interest and more brains busied in local public affairs for the sake of Racine's future. That was why the Clark-Collier plan took hold of their minds so that they wanted to see about using it.

Mr. Bartlett had arranged a dinner meeting in the Association of Commerce headquarters; more than 160 persons were present, including city officers, several aldermen, trade-union leaders, men from factories, the superintendent of schools, doctors, lawyers, the Federal employment agent, representatives of ward clubs, business men, teachers, and two or three journalists. It was a thoroughly representative crowd and they had a good homelike dinner, topped off with strawberry shortcake that certainly made one feel receptive.

Mr. Bartlett's idea had been to get the folks there, have us tell our story, and then see what might happen, if anything did. Mr. Clark expounded the fundamental principles of his subject. It was interesting to see that typical small-city crowd sit through and absorb an argument full of historical facts and legal-political principles.

Then it fell to my share to attempt a fairly direct application of the Clark-Collier method to the actual state of affairs in Racine. The increase of numbers now taking place there will crowd the entire situation and accent sharply all the problems at present only more or less visible on the horizon. It may become necessary in time to regroup and relocate some of the town's main industries. These are now situated haphazardly, as some small shops grew while others did not. Zoning will be a hard job. Any such shiftings of industry may well make the housing problem acute and raise issues as to parks and playgrounds. The school situation now calls for community handling.

On public-utility questions Racine will no doubt be much helped by the Wisconsin state government, but that is not enough. The basic future interests of the town itself must be effectively represented in such undertakings as relocating steam or electric railroads and developing through motor roads.

Mr. Clark scored heavily with his hearers when he explained to them in detail that this supposedly new scheme really involved getting back to the methods by which George Washington was chosen first President of the United States in 1789. That method was devised by the Constitutional Convention over which Washington presided and was abandoned through the accidents of our political history, and not because the results of it were unsatisfactory.

Racine Folk Will Try the Plan

SOMEONE out in front asked that the bones of the plan, as scaled to fit Racine, be put on the blackboard. This was done, showing the voters of the 15 wards drawn by lot, within each ward, into 10 to 16 groups of say 150 each (not much larger groups than our audience itself) after registration by the city clerk. Each group would elect its own delegate and the ward's quota of delegates would be a body for choosing ward officers, if that practice was followed. The whole body of delegates, some 220 in all, would elect whatever form of city government might be adopted as most desirable.

The elasticity of the principle was repeatedly stressed, its adaptation to any desired degree of local self-government or of city-wide centralization. But the main theme always was the benefit to the average human voter in simplifying the voting work, in enabling him or her to help choose someone he or she knew and trusted and then to have that capable representative select and assist and keep an eye on the actual city government. That city government would then have real footing, not on the sands of politics but on the solid rock of public opinion formed and expressed under most favorable conditions.

Throughout the discussion we tried to make it plain that the plan devised by Dr. Clark aims:

1. To get back to sound first principles of electoral selection.
2. To give the voter a job he can do with a definite aim and possible result.

We got through explaining a bit after nine o'clock and then the crowd started to ask questions, real ones. Mr. Bartlett thought afterward that at least one-fourth of those present took part in this back-and-forth discussion. There may be parts of our country where townspeople take no interest in their own local political methods, but Racine, Wisconsin, is not in that class.

Perhaps a local newspaper had helped us somewhat by coming out that afternoon and declaring flatly against any "Eastern" ideas for Western consumption. Apparently the editor's friends were not present in any great force. As far as I could tell, the aldermen and other officeholders who were there did not take any part in the discussion. A lonely Democrat cheered us all up by claiming the entire merit of the scheme for democracy in general and for Thomas Jefferson in particular. I didn't quite know how.

At the suggestion of August Mehder, president of the Association of Commerce and chairman of the meeting, a resolution was adopted calling for a committee of three to study the matter, and, if they approved it, to report on ways of getting the Clark-Collier plan adopted. The crowd carried this with a rush. Next morning Mr. Clark and I met this committee, which consisted of a sales manager, a lawyer, and a manufacturer, and found that they were only concerned about ways of adopting the plan. All three favored it and were anxious to have a trial as soon as possible. The manufacturer was especially enthusiastic, because he had heard a group of his men endorsing the Clark-Collier idea while waiting for the whistle to start work that morning.

We pointed out to the committee certain difficulties raised by the city charter, the state constitution, and the complicated election laws. It was agreed that the lawyer should head a special subcommittee of members of that profession and get in touch with the legislative reference bureau at Madison (the state capital) to study possible solutions of these puzzles.

The other two men, with Mr. Bartlett, outlined methods of enlisting the interest, with a view to active support, of churches, civic and other clubs, and of the trade-unions and other bodies. If the legal points can be cleared from the road, this project will be carried for consideration and approval to virtually every voter in Racine. We made suggestions for getting the necessary literature printed.

The thing that sticks by one is that out there in Racine these folks really care about their local government and its value for their civic future. They want to clear the voter's path, strengthen his arm, and get results worthy of his interest and support. And they are willing to go to a whole lot of trouble. Win or lose, they will give this plan the very best trial they can. Good luck, Racine!

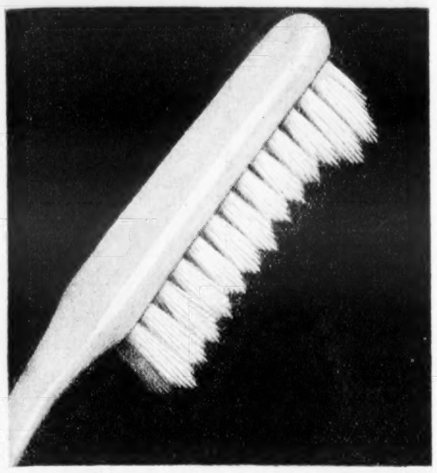
The Lights of Home By Leonard Hatch

EVERY night you saw it, on the longest days when school kept late, or just before supper when you started for home dragging your sled behind you, or with your dangling skates clashing over your shoulder. You weren't thinking about it, not consciously, but as you rounded the last turn in the road you would have been dumfounded if it hadn't been there--the lighted window of your home.

That orange square in the darkness was a symbol to you, though you wouldn't have known what that meant. Anyhow, the sight of it immediately whetted your appetite, and you began to wonder what there'd be for supper, and hoped there'd be enough of it. You weren't worrying, because you knew Aunt Florence, who never had any small boys of her own, would later say, "Why, Henry, you're not going to give that boy a third helping! He's had two already!" for you knew your father would only grin and heap your plate full again while your mother smiled, and your older brother made some derisive remarks about pigs, and Aunt Florence only shrugged impotently.

As the lighted square grew into a framed picture of warmth and comfortable, familiar details, you started up the path to the back door on the run, and with a whoop burst in and became a part of that picture yourself and enwrapped in its radiance. You would never have dreamed of philosophizing on what home means. All you knew, as you saw the others in the familiar places doing the familiar things, was that everything seemed just right somehow.

Those are memories which time never dims. And years and years later, if you can set such a stage and inspire these sensations in boys and girls of your own, you need demand nothing more from life.



You can't *bluff* your teeth

You might quiet your conscience with a lick-and-a-promise brushing, but you can't fool your teeth into thinking you've scrubbed them clean. Two essentials for clean, white beautiful teeth are — get the right brush, and use it the right way.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush has saw-tooth-pointed tufts of bristles—sturdy and penetrating. The long end tuft reaches around to your back teeth. Five minutes is not too long to get your teeth really clean. Try timing yourself. Then notice how fresh you feel, and how good-looking your teeth are. Florence Manufacturing Company, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

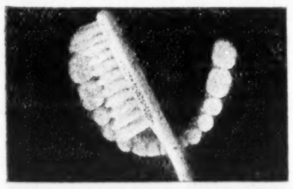
"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Pro-phy-lac-tic

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Tooth Brush

Always Sold in the Yellow Box



The long end tuft reaches and cleans the backs of molars or back teeth at the same time the serrated bristles clean the backs of the front teeth.

For the inner surfaces of front teeth and crevices at the gum line brush well with the long end tuft.

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GAS
BLUE BOOK

A Creed for All of Us

"GAS" approves heartily of the ten principles of transportation outlined before the U. S. Chamber of Commerce by George M. Graham, Chairman of the Traffic Planning and Safety Committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Here they are:

1. We believe in the coördination of all forms of transportation, each to serve where it can most benefit the public.

2. Highway traffic must be safeguarded, the public educated to precaution, and the reckless punished.

3. The competence of every driver should be approved before he is permitted to drive a motor vehicle upon the public highway.

4. The motor truck should not compete with steam railways on long hauls, except in case of special emergency. The motor bus should not conflict with electric trolley service. Steam and electric railroads should have fullest opportunity to use motor vehicles.

5. Financial and moral responsibility should be a prerequisite to common carrier operations.

6. We renew our belief in the policy of Federal Aid for our highways.

7. All road building should be so planned and administered as to give the taxpayer the largest possible return on his investment. We believe in centralized control under engineering and economic supervision. Roads should be improved in the order of their importance, always within the limitations of a budget.

8. We oppose overloading, undue speeding, and ill-advised use of highways when weather conditions imperil the public investment.

9. State programs should be carried forward by general bond issues when necessary, since it is cheaper to improve our main arteries of traffic than to go without them.

10. The road user should assume the burden of maintaining highways once built. Taxes should be simple in form and devoted only to road purposes. Discriminatory war levies should be removed and motor vehicle taxation left to the states.

The End of a Perfect Day

PEDESTRIANS and motorists should be doubly careful late in the afternoon. Insurance figures show that more accidents happen around 5 P. M. than at any other time. This is not only because of the rush of home-going crowds but also because it is the end of the work-day and the faculties of both walkers and drivers are not so sharp as they should be.

Think This Idea Over

HOW would it be to remove all main highways from town centers and run them through the outskirts? In other words, circle towns instead of bisecting them. It seems to us that a lot of the present congestion comes from our trying to use main business streets of towns for business and the growing stream of through traffic at the same time. Local merchants reap very little benefit from the long-distance motorist unless he stops, and the latter would be glad to escape the crowds of shoppers and theatergoers and the parked cars of the inhabitants of the towns through which they pass. If the travelers wanted to stop for meals or to shop, it would be easy enough for them to become part of the local traffic on Main Street.

Are You a Motor Camper?

ABOUT three million Americans are going to hop into their cars this summer and go off on motor camping journeys into neighboring states—sleeping in their cars or in tents, cooking their own meals, going where they please, and generally having a cheap, sensible vacation conducive to health, pleasure, and broadened viewpoint. Are you going with them? If so, let the Editor of "Gas" send you, without charge, a long list he has compiled of suggestions for camping equipment, including clothes for various outing purposes, shelter, cooking and eating utensils, motor equipment, and miscellaneous camp needs. Then, if any other questions are bothering you about how to go, where to go, how to get there, and so forth, put your worries up to him. He's an old-time motor camper and has picked up a lot of useful information.

The Silent "Cop"

To the Editor of Gas:

YOUR column should be useful in helping to do away with the unscientific "silent cops" which many municipalities have erected in the center of street intersections. Sometimes the cop is made of concrete with a wide projecting base; sometimes of wood or iron with outstretched arms bidding us to "keep to the right." It is always hard to go around these obstructions and in the long run they have done more to retard and block traffic than to help it. The left-hand turn is especially difficult for busses, trucks, and long-wheelbase cars. Here is the remedy—kill the silent cop; place a guidepost just back of the middle of each crosswalk leading over the least traveled of the two streets, and the left-turn bogy is solved for all concerned.

WILLIAM H. FOURNIER,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

It seems to us, Mr. Fournier's posts would again lead to the too-short left turn, which caused a lot of the trouble.

Governors on Cars

To the Editor of Gas:

REFERRING to the item "Governors for Speeders," it strikes me that this would be a good scheme for the man who manufactures governors, since it would increase his sales. This idea is something like the law which says that all headlights should have a certain kind of lens, and the agitation for compulsory insurance of all motorists.

CLARENCE WAKELEY,
Stratford, Conn.

The agitation to put governors on cars, to adopt certain headlights, and to make automobile insurance compulsory are all open to the suspicion that they are animated by commercial motives, but this is not necessarily so. "Gas" feels, however, that the car of the future will be slower than our present automobiles or that it will be confined to roadways where pedestrians and horse traffic will not be allowed.

"Correspondence Column"

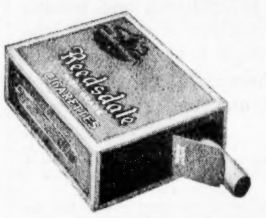
Recently we enjoyed a "Bouquet Week" in which an unusually large number of complimentary letters came in on Reedsdale Cigarettes. We cannot resist the temptation to reprint a few extracts in this column:

From Washington, D. C.: "They certainly exceeded all claims made for them. I have smoked cigarettes for nearly fifteen years, and until today have been searching for a permanent brand, but now my search is over.

"The package is not to be improved upon, furnishing, as it does, unbroken cigarettes in 'short order.' It will be a privilege to recommend your cigarettes."

From Columbus, Ohio: "A short time ago a friend of mine offered me a cigarette —it was a Reedsdale. I can readily say it was the best cigarette I have ever smoked."

From Akron, Ohio: "After smoking a carton of Reedsdale Cigarettes I feel that I owe you a letter of appreciation.



"The pleasure and satisfaction which one derives from smoking them cannot be found in any other cigarette at any price, and then too, the added attraction of a convenient, ever-ready package makes them irresistible.

"Many men, like myself, will never know their brand until they have tried Reedsdale."

From Burlingame, Kansas: "I wish to congratulate your company in developing what I believe to be the cigarette par excellence. I was more than delighted with Reedsdale Cigarettes, their mellow satisfying flavor, and aroma. Have smoked cigarettes for several years, and have at last found the cigarettes for myself."

You will note a common theme running through all four of these letters. It is the theme of "Eureka." Each of these gentlemen hails the Reedsdale as *his brand*, found at last, at the end of a long search.

◆ ◆

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers, and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them, we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes), postpaid, for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 218 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Reed Tobacco Company
218 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

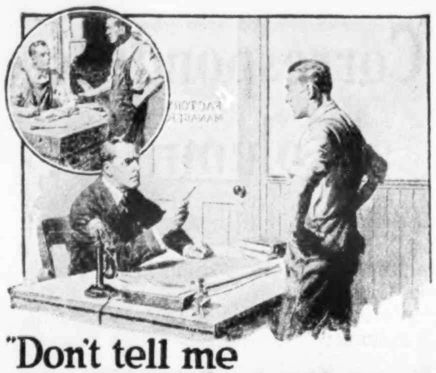
For the One Dollar enclosed please send me a carton of five packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes on the understanding that I may use one package and, if I do not like them, return the other four to you and you will refund the dollar to me.

Name..............................

Address..............................

My dealer's name is ....

Address..............................



"Don't tell me you never had a chance!

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same bench. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and decided to let the International Correspondence Schools help me. I wanted you to do the same, but you said, 'Aw, forget it!' You had the same chance I had, but you turned it down. No, Jim, you can't expect more money until you've trained yourself to handle bigger work."

There are lots of "Jims" in the world—in stores, factories, offices, everywhere. Are *you* one of them? Wake up! Every time you see an I. C. S. coupon your chance is staring you in the face. Don't turn it down.

Right now over 180,000 men and women are preparing themselves for bigger jobs and better pay through I. C. S. courses.

You can join them and get in line for promotion. Mark and mail this coupon, and find out how.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
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Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

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☐ Spanish ☐ French
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ Better Letters
☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Business English
☐ Civil Service
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
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☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
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☐ Gas Engine Operating
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☐ Steam Engineering ☐ Radio
☐ Architect
☐ Architects' Blue Prints
☐ Contractor and Builder
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GET one of these little beauties right now, and **protect yourself** against hold-up thugs, rowdies, etc., and at the same time it serves as the best novelty cigarette case ever invented.

Made exactly like the **real thing!** Just pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing a full package of your cigarettes. **Lots of fun** scaring your friends and at the same time useful and a **great protector.**

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Made of light weight metal, gun metal finish, 4¾ inches long. Sold exclusively by us. Order at once, **supply limited.** Special introductory price . . . . **$1.79 each**
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For short trips or long tours in every outdoor activity the efficient Biascope means added pleasure.

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Wollensak Optical Company
Rochester, N. Y.

Where the Heart Is

Continued from page 11

buildings in Washington.

"Charlie didn't tell me he expected you," I said.

"No, I thought I'd surprise him."

"Well, you will have to excuse our rough bachelor arrangements during your visit," I said. "We are not very well fixed for a lady, but still you will find it comfortable, and I will just pack a suitcase and stay at a club while you're here."

"You had better pack your trunk at the same time," she suggested, "and then Charlie and I can pay you for your share of the furniture. I am not here just for a visit. I've come to make a home for Charlie."

"Oh, yes," I said as soon as I could, which was not soon enough. "But I have often heard Charlie say that home is where the heart is, and aren't you afraid you'll get lonesome so far away from all the loved ones in Alabama?"

"No, for, you see, father's married again, so he doesn't need me now as much as Charlie. I talked it over with father and his second wife—she's a lovely woman—and they both agreed with me that it wasn't right to leave poor Charlie alone in New York, especially now that he is making a good salary and might be tempted to spend it recklessly if he tried keeping house for himself. So I came up to give him the home comforts he's missed all these long years."

"He has certainly missed them," I assured her, "especially when he was working in the ice house for twelve dollars a week."

"Yes, that was an unfortunate episode in poor Charlie's life," she agreed. "We are all glad that he has turned his talents from a business that could not be regarded as particularly dedicated, and undertaken to serve the foreign field. Literary work seems so wonderful to a mere girl like me whose only gift is for the making of the home. But since that is my one talent I try to make it serve. Now I think perhaps before Charlie comes back from church I can tidy up around the place. What is that thing doing here?"

She'd spotted the current issue of "Tingling Tales" on the living-room table.

"The nigger girl must have left that when she came in to sweep out," I said. "Let's throw the vile thing down the air shaft."

"Oh, it wouldn't be right to make away with another person's property like that. We will leave it here and give it back to her in the morning, with perhaps a friendly word of caution. Dear me, cigarette ashes all over the place—"

"Charlie went to church out in the country to-day," I said, for I had been thinking as hard as nature permitted all this time. "Down on Long Island. There was a preacher from the foreign field that he had to hear, so he could write about him in the magazine. He may be back late. I have to go out to band practice now, my ankle feeling somewhat better, but you just make yourself at home. Our little bachelor establishment will probably seem pretty rough to you, though it looked good to us before you came."

"Men never know, poor things," said LuVerna. "But now that father is comfortably settled I can devote the rest of my life to Charlie."

IT SEEMED the least I could do would be to devote the afternoon to Charlie instead of to the ball game, for he would have to be warned. It is not so very easy to find anybody on the sand at Long Beach of a Sunday afternoon, but Dorothy had a new bathing suit that was bright blue and of high visibility, so eventually I located her and Charlie, though not until I had had two or three narrow escapes from being laid out by gentlemen associated with other bright blue bathing suits. As I have said, Charlie and I had been closer than Damon and Pythias ever since the ice-house days, so I was depressed at the cold look he gave me when I finally came up to them. But Dorothy was generous enough not to let me see that my intrusion was spoiling the party.

"I thought you were going to stay at home," said Charlie pointedly.

"There is no more home to stay at," I said.

"Ouch!" says Dorothy. "There has been a fire in the house."

"There is worse than that in the house," I told her—"Charlie's sister."

"Not LuVerna?" he groaned.

"LuVerna," I said, "with the capital V."

I will not repeat what Charlie said then, but Dorothy, who had got used to being cussed at when she was in the chorus, had to put her fingers in her ears. At any rate, I soon gathered that there was no need to tell him she had come to stay. He knew her. And the shock seemed to take his mind back to early days in Sunday school, for he started quoting Scripture.

"Though I take the wings of the morning and flee to the uttermost parts of the earth," he says, "I can't get away from my family. What's she doing?"

"Long before this," I says, "she will have finished tidying up the apartment and settled down for a long pleasant afternoon with 'Tingling Tales'."

"We will go back," he says, "and talk to her. Tell her."

"Not me," I says. "I've talked to her. She told me."

"All right," says Charlie, "I'll go back and tell her." For, after all, we'd been closer than Damon and Pythias, and, after all, she was his sister and not mine. "You stay here and try to give Dorothy a good time, will you?"

SO I did the best I could after he had gone, and she was a good sport and tried to be cheerful. But I could see that underneath she was as sad as I was, for she knew how happy we had been in our little home.

"But, after all, this is a free country," she says, "and Charlie will tell her where to get off."

"You never saw this woman," I reminded her. "She is not that kind."

"It would be tough on you to be turned out of your cozy little apartment," says Dorothy, "just so she could live there with Charlie."

"It would be tough on me," I agree, "but not half so tough as it would be on Charlie. I tell you, Dorothy, you are the only one that can save him. He has found he can stand home life with me, which is not so easy as it looks, so he knows that the bitter thoughts that used to boil up in him at the breakfast table back home were due to his family and not to home life as such. I can see that he is figuring on getting around to asking you to marry him as soon as the novelty of this bachelor apartment has worn off and he wants a change. Now, even this LuVerna would not have the nerve to wish herself on him if he had a wife—"

"But he hasn't got one," says Dorothy. "Not yet. He has already mentioned this matter you speak of, but they're going to send me out with the Number One road company next month and you never can tell who you might meet on your travels. So I told him we must be sure of the depth of our feelings before we put ourselves on record."

"Charlie is one of nature's noblemen," I tell her.

"Yes, but he is not an orphan with no living relatives, poor fellow."

Well, I did what I could to keep Dorothy from worrying about the matter during the rest of the evening, bought her champagne at dinner and all (this was back in those days), and we kept up our spirits pretty well till we had come out of the subway and started off toward the apartment house.

"Now, don't worry if you hear heavy noises in the apartment below," I said.

"Bill! You wouldn't kill her, would you?"

"No," I admitted, "that would probably not be advisable, and since that is the only way we could get rid of her, these heavy sounds you hear will be me packing my trunk and getting ready to move over to the Lambs."

"I think it's a darn shame," said Dorothy. "If that woman would only be content to make her own home somewhere—"

"But she would have to catch somebody to do that," I pointed out. "No, we might as well make up our minds to it that she is going to make Charlie's home and bust up mine."

But when we came into the lobby there is Charlie sitting on a chair beside the elevator, and looking like somebody who had had to set fire to the orphan asylum for some good reason.

"Come right on up, Bill," he said with a heavy sigh. "She won't bother you."

Dorothy let out a shriek.

"Don't give yourself up yet, Charlie. Your friends will all stand by you, and maybe you can get across the Canadian border before the remains are discovered."

He lifted a hand, like Napoleon or somebody.

"God forgive me," he said, "she still lives. She's gone over to the Y. W. C. A. for the night. But she's coming back for breakfast, Bill, so you'll have to get up when I do. She says nobody else can fix my coffee the way I like it. Not even me."

"Charlie," I said, "how did you do it?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. How did the French save Verdun? Anyway, I couldn't do it again."

"You couldn't keep on," I said hopefully, "while this superhuman frenzy is on you, and get her on a train for Alabama?"

"No," he groaned, "the wave has passed."

"Well, anyway," said Dorothy hopefully, "it's something that Bill doesn't have to pack his things and move out at this time of night. He can still sleep at home."

"He can still sleep in Apartment 37," said Charlie, "but I am afraid it will never be home again."

He was right. LuVerna stayed on at the Y. W. C. A., but we had her for breakfast every morning. It cut into my sleep, for of course I left when Charlie did. I took to coming into the office an hour early—for where else could you go at that time of the morning?—and they were so surprised that I got a twenty-dollar raise at the end of the week. Still, that was of no immediate help, for what could you do with money with LuVerna around?

WHAT could *I* do, that is? Pretty soon we saw what Charlie was going to do with his money. He came over to the office about five one afternoon in a tearing rage.

"Bill, do you know what she's done? She's charged a suit and two hats to me at Altman's."

"Well, you must bear up under it," I consoled him, "for I have always heard that paying for clothes was one of the incidents of having a home made for you."

Still there was nothing to be cheerful about. He had her slightly bluffed for the moment, but this could not last. She hadn't found out yet what kind of a magazine he really worked for, but she was bound to before long, and when she did it would be all off. So I spoke to Dorothy.

"You see," I explained, "he never gave the family his business address, and he has told her that she cannot come to see his office this week because the religious periodical is moving to a building up in the Bronx. We think we are safe next week too because we are going to tell her that a fire destroyed the building just after they moved in. But they will have to be getting out this alleged religious periodical somewhere, so sooner or later we are going to be caught. And then Charlie will have to let her make a home for him unless he wants to be cut out of the will, as he certainly would be if through any fault of his LuVerna went back home to the family."

"But didn't you tell me she reads 'Tingling Tales'?" Dorothy demanded.

"Yes, but that is different."

"I don't see why it's different," said Dorothy. "She reads it on the sly and he edits it on the sly."

"That is one of the things you women will not understand till you have the vote," I told her (this was back in those days, of course). "You will have to take my word for it that it is so. So you must go ahead and marry Charlie right away because then she would not interfere. At least not so much."

"But I was born in Schenectady and have never traveled to speak of," said Dorothy, "and the Number One road company will give me a chance to see the world with my car fare and hotel bills paid. And, as I was saying, you never can tell who you will meet."

"You could go out with the show after you were married," I reminded her.

"Not with LuVerna for a sister-in-law. Whoever marries into LuVerna's family will have to keep strictly on the job unless she wants to be compelled to say something that would cause her to be cut out of the will, and of course there is no use doing that."

So I saw that I couldn't count on Dorothy to help us out till this trip was over. And meanwhile there was LuVerna at breakfast every morning, telling me how this was a greater opportunity than she had hoped for, since she was able to make a home for me as well as Charlie. Home-making was her one talent, she said, and it gave her deep joy to feel that her influence was radiating over one who till lately had been a stranger, but who she now felt was one of the family. I told her it certainly felt that way.

ONE evening a couple of days later I had taken Dorothy to Childs' for some wheat cakes after the show, and when I took her home and came down to the apartment there was Charlie looking like the devastated regions of France.

"All is off," he said heavily. "She knows. I always walk down to the office for my health, and I have been telling her the doctor insists on a pace she couldn't keep up with. But this morning she hired a taxi and trailed me. At first she said I must quit taking the devil's dollar, but that was only a stall with the first of the month coming on and that bill from Altman's with it. So she finally said that, after all, we were told to get solid with the Mammon of unrighteousness, and I had done it, and she wouldn't say anything to father. But from now on she makes the home. She is still at the Y. W. C. A. because her room rent is paid for the week, but I guess to-morrow you will have to pack up and move over to the Lambs."

"Well," I said after a long pause, "we have stuck together through thick and thin, not to mention the ice house, and I won't desert you now. I have kind of got used to having her around—"

"You don't know her yet," said her brother. "You saved my life once, and I will just even up for that now. When she comes in you move out. Besides, there is not room for three of us here, and also she would not live here with you in the house, for the sake of propriety, even if I was here to act as chaperon. No, Bill, home is where the heart is, and there is no use pretending that yours would be anywhere within reach after LuVerna had joined us."

"Well, don't you give up yet," I advised him. "You had better go to bed, and I am going out to take a walk and think it over."

But my walk was only up one flight of steps. I went on tiptoe so Charlie wouldn't hear me, and knocked as softly as I could at Dorothy's door. I was afraid she'd be asleep, but in a minute she opened up and stood there in something pink and pleasant-looking.

"Why, Bill!" she gasped. "Come right in."

"It's about LuVerna," I said as I shut the door behind me.

"Oh!" says Dorothy, kind of irritably. "Again?"

"Worse than again. Yet. The long and short of it is that she has found out about Charlie's job and so she has got a guilty secret on him, and consequently she is going to move in to-morrow and start making a home."

"And you have to move out?"

"Well," I said, "I have been thinking about that, and I don't believe I will. I don't blame you for not wanting to marry Charlie while she is around, for she is certainly no sister-in-law to leave behind you when you go out on the road, but maybe we can give her something else to occupy her mind. In short, I have decided I had better marry her and get her out of the way."

"You?" she screamed, so loud I was afraid Charlie would hear.

"Well," I explained, "there doesn't seem to be anybody else to do it and it has got to be done. Besides, I saved Charlie from drowning once and one good turn deserves another. It won't be very much fun, of course, but I have got kind of hardened to seeing her around at breakfast. She has been doing some things to her face since she came to New York and while there is not much help for it, still I can see that she does the best she can. And then she looks better in those clothes from Altman's, and I figure it would be no more than fair to let Charlie pay for them considering that she is going to make my home and not his."

DOROTHY was sitting forward on the edge of a chair, with her blue eyes glinting like a couple of big opals.

"Bill Stillwell, have you gone crazy? Do you want to marry this woman?"

"You have seen her," I said severely, "so there is no use wasting time asking these foolish questions. Of course I don't want to marry this woman. But something has got to be done, and so long as I've got no chance to marry some woman I might want to marry—"

"Who said you've got no chance?" she interrupted.

"Well, now," I had to admit, "nobody told me, but I sort of gathered the impression."

She got up and popped into the bedroom.

"Wait till I change my clothes," she said through the half-open door, "and then we will go out and find one of these all-night marriage-license counters, or whatever they call them. I believe they keep open over in Jersey City. It just plain isn't safe to let you run around gathering impressions."

"But Dorothy!" I called. "Are you going to marry me just to save me from LuVerna?"

"I am going to marry you because I want to," she said. "If you had any brains you would have seen long ago that I was going to do it, but I had put off telling you because I didn't know how good you were at gathering impressions. And if you think I am sacrificing myself too much, I just want to tell you that I would a million times rather be your wife than LuVerna's sister-in-law. Besides, you are an orphan with no living relatives, and that always helps."

So, in short, we went over to Jersey and raised somebody that sold us a license and routed out a justice of the peace who married us, and then I kissed the bride and realized that if I had had any sense I would have attempted to start that agreeable practice when I first saw her. Still, she wouldn't have had to save me from LuVerna then, and all in all I thought things had worked out pretty well for me though it was certainly tough on Charlie, who was going to have a home made for him.

"I suppose they have hotels over here in Jersey," I said, "and the justice of the peace also drives a taxi and has offered to take us wherever we want to go."

"We Stillwells are going to save our

(*Continued on page 30*)

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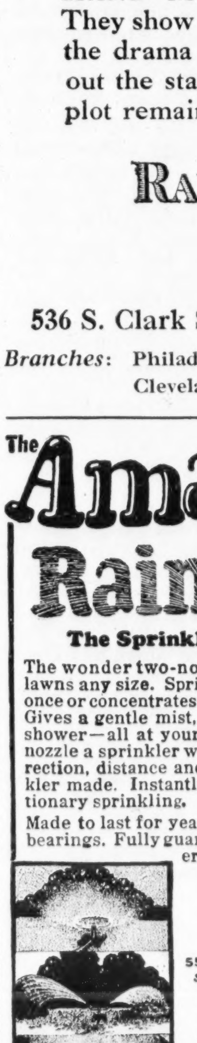

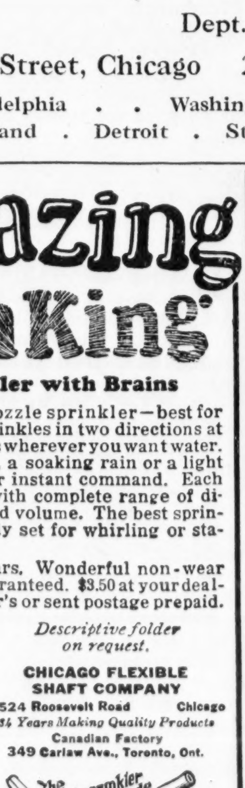

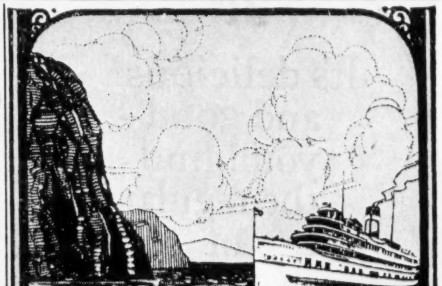

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Where the Heart Is

Continued from page 29

money," said Dorothy. "You take me back to New York in the tube and then you come up and stay in my apartment. It will be handy in the morning, for Florabelle knows how you like your coffee."

Well, so I had come out of this business a good deal better than I had expected earlier in the evening, and we were eating breakfast the next day when I heard somebody pounding up the stairs and then hammering on the door.

"You go," said Dorothy. "It is probably the ice man with the bill, and you can handle the matter better than I can, being a man and having been in the ice business, and all."

But it was Charlie. He nearly dropped in a faint when he saw me, but we dragged him in and explained matters, and I revived him with one of the orange-blossom cocktails that I had mixed because they seemed appropriate to the occasion. And when he gets the whole story he heaves a groan and drops into a chair.

"Too late," he sighs. "To late. Dorothy, your noble sacrifice has been in vain."

"How has it been in vain?" says Dorothy rather sharply.

"You never need have done it at all. LuVerna is going to be married."

"What?" we shouted.

"Yes," he said, "she broke the news to me a while ago. It seems last night she went to a movie, and there in the lobby she ran into this golf player that had once threatened to marry her when he was down home. Well, LuVerna has spruced up somewhat since she came to New York, and she had on her New York clothes that I am going to have to write a check for in a day or two, and in short he said she could spell her first name any way she pleased so long as she spelled her last name the way he did his."

"But something will happen before the ceremony," said Dorothy.

"There will not be time," said Charlie, "for this fellow has got to take a ship for Australia this afternoon—he is an engineer, or something, on the rare occasions when he is not playing golf. So they are going to get married in about an hour, and I have got to be best man, and LuVerna says she wants you to come along too, Bill, since you are practically one of the family and for some time past she has been making a home for you. And by the time they get back from Australia she will have him sewed up so that while he will want to get away, he can't. I know LuVerna."

"Hurrah!" says Dorothy. "Then everybody is happy, and, Bill, I think you had better mix another round of orange-blossoms."

"Where do you figure everybody is happy? said Charlie. "I'm not. Your sacrifice has been in vain—"

"Charlie," said my wife, "I don't doubt that you are one of nature's noblemen, as Bill is fond of saying, but I will bean you with this coffeepot, if you call my husband a sacrifice. I didn't marry him to save you from LuVerna, or even to save him. I am not going to let this LuVerna get away with any extra credit as a homemaker. She may be going to make herself a home, but she has not made our home. I did that."

"Yes," says Charlie, "but what becomes of my home? That has gone blah."

"Nothing of the sort. I know how happy you boys were in your little bachelor apartment—"

"I am quite a lot happier here," I told her, feeling that she ought to know.

"Of course you are, darling. So you will stay here with me till the end of next week, and then you can go back downstairs and you and Charlie can sit around and talk things over of Sunday mornings. Because I will be out with the Number One road company, and, as Charlie says, absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Coming Through

Continued from page 18

"But if it's the spinal cord?"

Rawls threw out his hands. "You'd take that chance," he said.

Blackford hesitated perceptibly before putting his next question. "And my chances of surviving the operation?"

It was the surgeon's turn to hesitate. He looked at Blackford's wife and her father, then back at Blackford.

"It is a very delicate operation," he said slowly. "It is impossible to give you a hard-and-fast opinion."

"Would I have as good as an even chance?"

Rawls was silent. He did not believe that Blackford would survive and had so warned him when Blackford first broached the subject to him. He had offered to bring a specialist from Birmingham, from New York, from Pittsburgh, anywhere, but Blackford had declined.

"One can only do one's best," he said at last. "Frankly, I would not care either to make any prediction of success or to give an undue impression of the risk."

Alice caught in a long sobbing breath. Reubens spoke: "You would operate yourself?"

"If Mr. Blackford insisted."

BLACKFORD'S chin sank to his chest and he stared at the table. Behind him Jim Rhodes's lips were moving, though Jim understood but dimly. At length Blackford raised his head and announced his decision. "I'll shoot the works. Let's go in the morning, Doctor."

Alice flung herself across the table, one arm outstretched to him. "Not for me! No, Warren! I won't have it!"

But he nodded, his eyes on Rawls's.

"Very well, then. I'll be ready in the morning," said the surgeon. "Have a good night's sleep and eat no breakfast."

Reubens led the distraught and weeping Alice to the door as Rawls went out.

She nodded and left them. Reubens came back to the table, sat down, and surveyed his son-in-law. "You and I have not been exactly friendly," he observed. "Can you put that aside for the moment?"

Blackford turned somber eyes on him. "Certainly."

"Have you considered what this operation will mean to—your wife?"

"I am doing it for her."

"Do you think it is necessary? You heard what she said."

Blackford nodded decisively. "She's sympathetic, of course. Too much so. More than I deserve."

"Nothing I could say for her would move you?"

He shook his head. "I don't mean to be ungracious, but I honestly think it is best that I have the operation. I must either be a whole, live man or—you understand; one thing or the other."

Reubens, admiring, found it difficult to say what he wished to say.

"I'd like to know to-night that you don't harbor bitterness toward her or—or myself. I'll admit that I was mistaken in you, utterly mistaken." He swallowed painfully and turned a livid red. "I've watched you more closely than you realize. I know what you have done. It has been good work. I've never seen better."

Blackford was surprised. He had not expected this, and he was grateful.

"Thank you. I have tried to make good my words to you. If I have succeeded—"

"You have."

They were silent, Reubens fidgeting a trifle. He rose abruptly.

"Well, that's what I wanted to say. I—I'd be glad if you'd shake hands. When you're well, there'll be Dolomite for you. You deserve it."

Blackford laid his hand in Reubens's outstretched one. "Suppose we leave that until I'm well," he answered evenly.

Blackford woke early the next morning. Lying motionless, he wondered that the knowledge that this might be his last awakening moved him so little. Its strongest effect was to fill him with regret that he had not done more with his life.

Jim Rhodes shaved him and bathed him and dressed him carefully. He was almost debonair as he sat down at the breakfast table.

"I can't eat anything, of course," he reminded Alice lightly. "But I couldn't bear not to come down. I want to remember you and this room. It's been the happiest one in the house."

Alice glanced at Reubens, who met her brimming eyes with a look of full sympathy. Blackford watched them trying to eat. Peace enveloped him. The struggle lay behind him: the decision was no longer his. When they finished, he pulled out his watch.

"It's almost time to go," he said. "I wonder if you'll indulge me in a whim. I'd like to have Jim take me through the house."

At a sign from Alice, the negro picked him up and went out with him. Then her self-control slipped. She sobbed, and Reubens put an arm about her shoulders.

"You're going to the hospital?" he asked.

"Of course. Aren't you?"

"If you do."

He heartened her as best he could, and they followed Jim Rhodes and his burden across the valley to the infirmary, where they were received by Dr. Rawls himself. Tiny as the company hospital was, every modern appliance was there. Rawls was brisk, all reticence and hesitation gone from him. He took Blackford in charge at once.

"You are to be in room fourteen. You are to undress and have a hypodermic immediately. The operating-room stretcher will come for you at five minutes of nine o'clock."

Blackford caught his arm. "Doctor, I don't want to go in on the stretcher. Let Jim here carry me. Won't that do as well?"

Rawls glanced at him keenly, noted his flushed cheeks and nodded assent. He was not sure just what Blackford's reason was, but Blackford would need all the humoring and encouragement he could have.

AS JIM took him away he spoke over his shoulder to Alice. "I'll see you again before I go in," he said.

She was white. The hospital odor was appalling her. She appealed to Rawls. "Doctor! Can't you—can't you—"

"Steady, Mrs. Blackford." He patted her hand. "You mustn't get wrought up."

"I w-want to be in the operating room—"

"I'm sorry. You can't, I'm afraid."

"Why? It's my husband!"

"I know, and that's the reason. You might break down. No surgeon can be distracted in an operation."

Dumbly she acquiesced, her agony showing in her eyes. Rawls signed to her father to calm her and hurried away. Reubens held her like a child. "Oh, Daddy!" she moaned and moaned, "I'm so glad you're here!"

The next few minutes passed her in a daze. She heard her father say it was nearly nine, she followed him to Warren's room, and then down the corridor behind Jim Rhodes with Warren in his arms.

Tenderly Jim arranged his boss, his idol, on the table. Rawls and the anæsthetist entered in their surgical regalia. Alice clutched Blackford's hand.

"Come back!" she whispered. "Oh, come back!"

“If I can come back whole,” he said, and closed his hand on hers.

The anæsthetist, perched at the head of the table, adjusted the ether cone. He pushed it aside and raised himself. “One minute, Doctor. Jim, you're to have your old job back. Speak to Mr. Mudd about it. You'll find something else I've left for you with him.”

“Mist' Blackford, please, suh, I's gwine have my job with you, ain't I?”

Blackford, relaxing, only smiled. “All ready. Shoot,” he said.

The ether began to drip into the cone and drown his mind. Suddenly Alice bent over him and said clearly: “I love you, dear. I love you.”

If he heard her, he gave no sign of it. In response to Rawls's nod Reubens led her out. She looked back and saw the white-robed doctors stooping above his shrouded figure, and the nurse strapping his arms to the sides of the table. Throughout the long wait she thought of those straps with childish, unreasoning resentment.

She huddled down outside the operating-room door and would not leave it. Reubens tried to coax her away. Jim Rhodes knew better. He was waiting too. He stood there like a statue until she spoke to him.

“You here, Jim?”

“Yessum. Heah I is an' heah I stays.”

“Mr. Blackford is fond of you, Jim. I know he is.”

“Yessum, me an' him, we get 'long pow'ful well. I ain't never had no white folks use me so good.”

“He will need you a long time while he is getting well. We are going to take him away. Will you come with us?”

“Yessum, I'll go anywheres 'at he goes. All these here folks at Cahaba, they gwine be pow'ful sorry 'bout him leavin'. He been the best boss us ever had.”

“What do you mean by the best boss, Jim?” she asked, striving to divert her mind from making ghastly pictures of what was going on behind the door.

Jim was puzzled. “I don' zactly know how to say, miss. He—he kind o' looked after ev'body.”

Alice recognized the description with a pang. He had looked after her too. . . .

BLACKFORD struggled up out of an infinite gulf. His first sensation was thirst. His mouth was dry. He seemed to have been fighting a long time. His head hurt—why? He struggled on like a diver coming up.

He was conscious that someone was near him, that someone was saying: “He's coming out.” . . .

Then he began to remember. So that was why he was feeling pain. It didn't matter much. All that mattered was that he was thirsty and tired, so tired.

Abruptly, like snapping on a light, consciousness returned and with it pain. He saw, dimly, the figures about him, Alice and her father, Rawls and the nurse. He was absurdly weak. Just a little while ago he had been strong. The nurse slipped a piece of ice into his mouth.

Rawls bent over him with a quiet word. “Easy, now. Don't try to move.”

He turned to the others. “Don't worry,” he reassured them. “It will be this afternoon before he is fully conscious.”

“Doctor, can't you tell?” That was Alice.

“It is impossible so soon.”

Then the surgeon banished them, with the promise to have them called as soon as Blackford woke.

To Blackford was approaching his moment of atonement, of expiation. He recognized it and the justice of it even as he shrank from its pain. Spent and shaken, he lay on the hospital cot, and told himself that Alice should not know he loved her, should never know, should never learn from any mute appeal of his how he longed to accept the sacrifice she had offered to make to his need.

She had filled his mind in the hours he had waited for the doctor's verdict. That verdict had been triumphant. The operation had succeeded. He would walk again, be whole again. But the success that was to liberate his body had meant the end of hope in his heart. She had been ready to sacrifice herself; could he do less for her? Proudly his thoughts affirmed that he could not. Since she did not love him, he would give her freedom and make her accept the gift.

He was no longer bitter. The sweetness of nature of the boy who had roamed these red hills years before had returned, tempered with regret and the aching desire to repair what he had done.

He was waiting now to tell her what Dr. Rawls had told him and bid her go. He was even choosing the words that he would say to her. She would protest, but in her heart she would admit that he was right. At least she would know he was thinking only for her.

Thus he made his renunciation and lay quiet, so quiet that Alice thought him asleep when she tiptoed in. He did not open his eyes. Quietly she gazed down on him, then turned away to a window.

HE OPENED his eyes to fill them with the sight of her. The pulses in his neck began throbbing and his fingers trembled. He wanted her, wanted her! Conscious at length of his gaze, Alice turned grave eyes toward him.

“Did I disturb you?”

“Oh, no,” he said.

“How do you feel?”

“Better than I have for days. And you?”

“I'm all right—when you are.”

“You look tired. I'm afraid this has been hard on you. I'm sorry; you needn't have worried. I didn't worry.”

She stood looking down at him. “Dr. Rawls says you are ever so much better.”

The information did not interest him. Being better only brought nearer the inevitable moment of parting. He wished he could sit up, he would not feel so futile then.

“Yes, he told me last night he had been successful in removing the pressure. He said I had only to regain my strength to be well again. I can move my feet. I tried it this morning. He says I'll be as good as ever.”

She gave a joyous cry. “Oh, I'm so glad!”

He sighed unconsciously. “I ought to be, I suppose. But I don't know—”

She recognized his depression with alarm. The doctor had warned her that now her work must commence. “I have done all that I can for him,” he had said. “He must do the rest. I don't understand his attitude. It's as though there were something weighing on his mind.”

She simulated brightness. “You must not feel that way. He said we could take you home in another week.”

“Home?”—wistfully. “You mean the residency?”

“Of course. That is home, isn't it? It is to me, and I've meant to make it so to you.”

He said: “Do you remember—that day in your father's office—you said you would try to make a home for me?”

“Yes. I have.”

“Would it mean anything to you to know that you've succeeded?”

She was baffled by his voice and manner. He was quiet, yet there was sadness and something feverish about him. Her throat filled and she spoke almost in a whisper. “It would mean—it would mean a lot to me. More than you know.”

For an instant Blackford lifted the curtain. “You made it home for me, more home than any place I've ever known, I think. When I was a youngster I used to plan for the time when I would have a home of my own; I always had to live in someone else's. You've always had one. You've no idea what it is to long for a place of your own.”

ALICE saw more in the words than they revealed. “You'll love it now,” she said softly. “You know the ferns Daddy and I brought from the river? Every one of them lived, and the roses did and the laurel and the rhododendron. You'll scarcely know the place when you get back.”

“When I get back,” Blackford echoed musingly. “Does one ever get back to yesterdays, I wonder?”

(*Continued on page 32*)

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Coming Through

Continued from page 31

"Perhaps not to yesterdays," she said. "There are always the to-morrows."

"For some," he amended, and fell silent, with closed eyes.

"Does the light annoy you?" Not waiting for an answer, she lowered the shades. Then, breathing hard, she tried for a casual friendly note.

"You'll grow stronger before you know it at the residency," she chatted, "and as soon as you're able to travel we're going away."

Blackford opened his eyes. "Did you say 'we'?"

"Certainly."

"Including me in it?"

"Of course."

He spoke very gently. His atonement was at hand. "You needn't have said 'we.'"

"But I mean it. We. You and Daddy and I. All three of us."

He shook his head firmly, though the vision conjured up by her words was blindingly beautiful. To be traveling! With her!"Ah, but you're forgetting," he said, "that I'm a whole man now."

"Whole?"

"Surely. Don't you remember? You wouldn't leave me back when I was only half a man because you felt—because you were compassionate. But now—"

He broke off. Alice was silent, but her heart was singing. She no longer disbelieved in his love for her. Unwittingly, in the days in the hospital, he had shown it too plainly for that. To be utterly happy now she had only to make him understand that she returned it.

She sat down in a low chair that brought her face level with his. He gazed at her, but refused to read the message in her eyes. "You're—oh, what's the use of trying to say it?—you're wonderful," he whispered. "You never think for a moment of yourself, always of someone else and someone less worthy. But think of what you've just been saying. We can't have back our yesterdays, but there are the to-morrows. That is what I am giving you—your to-morrows."

"But you're not," she said, laughing a little hysterically. "There won't be any to-morrows for me without—"

"I am trying," he said, unheeding, "to undo what I have done."

"But there's nothing to undo."

"Oh, yes, there is. Pittsburgh—"

"That's all behind us, Warren. I've forgotten it. Do you—do you remember anything that happened just as you were going under ether?"

"Your saying 'I love you'?"

She nodded.

"Ah, then, that was real. I've treasured that. But, of course, I know why you did it. You thought I needed the stimulus of it; you thought it would help me pull through. Dear, my dearest, I'm stronger now, and I won't accept your sacrifice."

Alice bent close to him. "Look at me," she whispered, and he looked and she turned crimson, but she made her declaration superbly. "I am here. I am yours if you'll have me, yours wholly, mind and body and soul! Be honest, Warren. Don't you want me? Don't you?"

He made his last struggle for self-command. "Are you sure?" His voice was hoarse. The power of his will was almost gone. "Great God!" he cried. "Are you perfectly sure you're not doing this because—because you think—?"

"I've told you why I'm doing it," she said steadfastly.

He looked long into her eyes and discovered, as by magic, that he had been blind, a fool.

"You ask me to be honest." He spoke humbly, his voice cadenced low. "You must believe me as I believe you. I love you. I always did love you, and I'm going to love you forever." He smiled as she never had seen him smile before. "I can't come to you," he said. "Will you come to me?"

And Alice came, with a sigh of joy, and a gesture of utter surrender.

The End

Two on a Raft

Continued from page 14

He muttered once: "Regular mountain on top of us this time. We'll begin again."

"But it isn't fair," the girl cried rebelliously. "*I'll* see U. G. I'll talk to him—"

"You mustn't," he said gently. "I couldn't have that. He'll leave to-morrow when the raft's gone. Byers will run things. I'll have to take a job as a lumberjack and watch Byers build fifty-thousand-dollar rafts."

The Moomaw plunged near the bar. Bessie made the man put about. He seemed intent on running straight to sea. He flung out: "If only for the sake of the business, he ought to be more careful. Putting Byers in! I tried to tell him. Why, I know that type. Timber offices full of 'em. Crooks. Slipping from office to office. Selling out one boss to another.

"Dad thinks lumbering is simple, just sawing trees down. There's big capital in the game out here. More inside bids pulled than any other kind. This isn't Vermont. No magic in the name of U. G. Cook out here.

"I've been guarding the raft, keeping it secret, months. I'll bet they're not picketing it at Nequa to-night. Fools! Byers 'll double-cross the old man some day. Byers goes to the highest bidder. Big lumberman in Seattle recommended him to dad; he took him! Likely they know about the raft in Seattle."

ABRUPTLY he throttled down the Moomaw. There was, he thought, a faint throbbing and a whish of parted waters. He put the launch toward it. Coal smoke bit his nostrils. The outlines of a ship—vague, bulky, wet with mist—slid past. She showed no lights. She crept slowly toward the bar.

The darkness took her. Then Wallace came to life. There were no craft in the bay except the Tumtom tied up with the raft at Nequa, and the longboat of the coast guard crew at the station on the lonely headland guarding the bay

Wallace said: "Something's going on. Let's have a look."

He put the Moomaw in a circle that would cross well behind and bring her close off the steamer's port bow. He judged the Moomaw was far behind the steamer by now. He crowded the motor. The little shell, trembling like a racehorse, leaped through the choppy tide and the darkness.

A shivering crash came. The Moomaw's bow and waist splintered to bits. Coughing and hissing, the motor went under. Bessie was thrown clear, and swam. Wallace was thrown; his head struck what the Moomaw had struck, and he slid down into the black water dazed. . . .

In a crashing, surging wave, consciousness flooded back through him. He was flailing wildly. Bessie had one arm under his, and with the other was fighting for a hold on a high dripping wall before them. After a moment treading water, he understood.

It was the raft. High, like a mountain, it loomed above them, slipping by them, on its way to sea. And as he understood, he fought desperately, clawing at the logs, searching for a hold. A sheer edge slipped under his hand. It was the end of the raft. About them was clear water.

He supported Bessie, for she was going under. And he struck out after the raft. The tug blew a signal and must have slowed down, for, as he felt he was himself going under, the blows of seas against wood told him the raft was near.

And along its side he fought, inch by inch, searching, clawing, until his hand found a cable laced in and out around the outside logs.

THERE followed a half-hour battle up the sheer high-floating side of the raft. Once, before they were two logs up, Wallace fell back with a splash. Clinging to the cable, Bessie gave him her hand. Later they crawled over the top slant of the great cigar; and on its top they lay, gasping, burning within and freezing without. A wind whipped them with acid-cold breath; breakers bellowed all about; seas, charging the mouth of the bay, crashed on the logs, and spray sang viciously, flying over the raft.

But the monster rode rigidly over the shallow and raving bar, and nosed its way into the deeper and deeper Pacific, until only the bitter wind raked the two castaways crouching on the floating mountain of wood. In the crevice between two huge strapping logs Wallace lay, propped on his elbows, with his body shielding the girl. His teeth would chatter uncontrollably. It would be hours until dawn.

And he knew, in snatches of thought that assailed him, what had happened. Byers had stolen the raft. Byers had sold out to some one of the great coast companies; he would deliver to it the plans for the raft. But it would pay him nothing for a theoretical raft that would float out over a mud flat. When he had crossed the bar, with the tug captain's word to back him, the company would pay.

Byers had the tug and her wireless. Wallace swore to himself. Byers would wireless his report. And the great companies would buy or option every stick of timber on the coast, tightly sewing up U. G. Cook's plan. For Wallace had worked out his campaign cautiously to buy and option wide wilderness tracts the moment the raft had proved itself. Held by timber speculators, these tracts would double and treble in value the moment news of the raft leaked out. Only—some rival company, some briber of Byers, would have a week's chance at the timber first, for Wallace now had no wireless, no ship. And he and Bessie were adrift, at sea. . . .

Yesterday he had been the sole loser. Now his father lost too. Now it was the Cooks who suffered, were beaten soundly at the game they themselves had started. And Wallace groaned. Yesterday he had sulked. "Pretty much a kid." He had drifted about the bay at night, cursing Fate, while Byers worked. He fought over the problem. He must stop Byers, stop the tug. He must swim to it and—kill the crew. . . .

"Wally?" Bessie whispered, pressing her blue lips close.

He told her. They were marooned on a bare raft, bound for San Francisco or Japan—they knew not where. They were at Byers's mercy. With the dawn he would discover them. And, for all the world would know, they had gone down with the Moomaw.

"There's one way we can get him," he told her, "but you and I'd never pull through."

Bessie's cold chin was as stubborn as his. "I don't care," she chattered. "And I know what it is—you told me how it was built—it's breaking up the raft. Get him, *get* him, Wally! Don't let him beat you. We'll get out—somehow. And it's our chance with U. G. Don't you see?"

"I see myself breaking it up—with you aboard. And I don't see, about U. G."

"You don't know yourself and your father—you're as alike as two peas," she cried impatiently. "Oh, I'll never speak to you again—"

TREMBLING on stiff legs, she ran forward. He caught her, kissed her, carried her against the wind. There was a tool box mounted forward. Wally had mounted it, for use on the cables.

They used the tools on the cables, casting off the basketwork lacing the raft tightly together. What cables they could not loosen they cut in two. Near the center they began, working towards the ends. And when five cables were off in the center, the raft bulged sickeningly; a log shot up, shot high and dived into the sea; and logs from the packed mass within the bulk squirted after it like toothpicks. The sea was strewn with them. A blast came from the tug far ahead. Wallace and Bessie laughed wildly.

And later they floated in the mass of bobbing logs, on four logs lashed together with an end of cable. Green water swirled to their knees. In the center, legs braced, backs to the wind, the man and the girl clung. Three hours they stood, until dawn.

Gray light came. The tug had vanished. Byers dared not put back into Nequa. To those he had sold out to he would have to wireless his report that the raft broke up, failed. And they would pay him nothing; nor would they buy up timber on the coast.

The tide, turning, rushed back upon the shoals, and carried swiftly with it the plunging, half-submerged logs that Wallace and Bessie rode on. They were off the narrow mouth of the bay. But the tide set against the reefs north of the bar, where were acres of white lather and sheets of spray flung and driven over the high headland beyond. Above the girl's head pressed against him, Wallace stared fixedly at the breakers. Even if their logs were sucked straight on the bar, they would not live through the welter of it.

IN THE tightening of his arms she felt his thought. She mumbled: "Dear, don't mind. We crossed our own bar last night. We'll cross this."

He bowed his head on hers. He could not answer. His arms tightened the more.

He did not think of rescue. He was numb and standing like a Hercules, waiting as they rushed on. Then he saw gray bows lifting the whitecaps tumbling on the bar. It was the coast-guard crew.

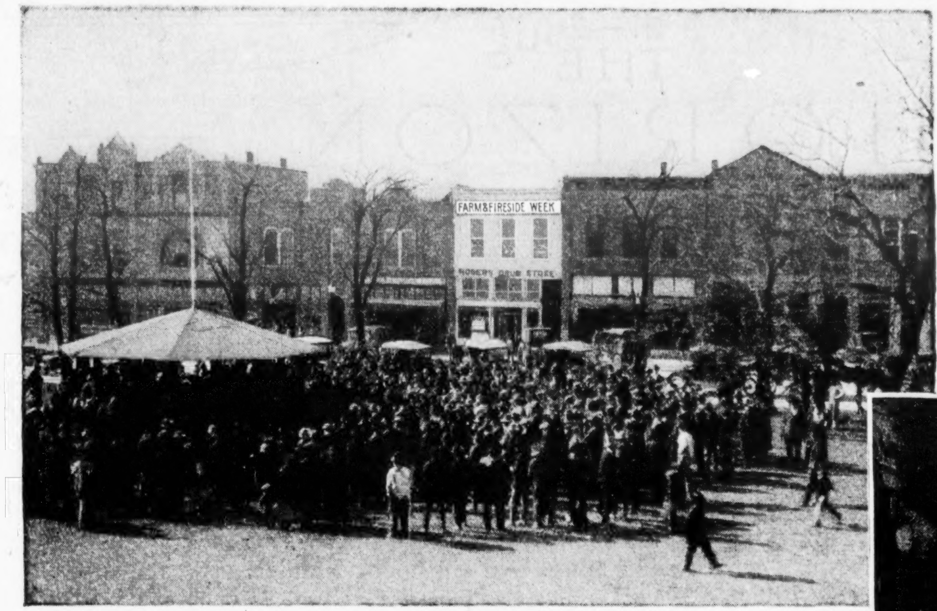
Slowly they crept against the seas, dodging drifting logs. Wallace lifted the girl into the boat, and it shipped a heavy sea. He caught himself, fell; his numbed hands slipped. They hauled him in.

An old man, regal, with white locks peeping from under his sou'wester, hauled Wallace in.

They awoke that afternoon, and came in warm blankets to the fire blazing in U. G. Cook's living-room in the log mansion Wally had built on the wilderness shore at Nequa naming it New Grengary. U. G. paced the pine floor, now and again banging the table with an aristocratic fist. His famous family chin thrust out wickedly.

"Fancy! Fancy!" he repeated. "Byers trying to double-cross Cook! Why, didn't the man know you were on the job? Didn't he know who you are? Those sharks at Seattle! . . . If it's a fight they want, I can't see us running away. Back home, men didn't usually fight with the Cooks. Knew better. Well, at that, children, for a while—mark you, I say for a while—I think it's clear that Oregon needs the Cooks more than Vermont needs 'em."

Bessie Medine couldn't restrain a giggle. U. G. Cook didn't mind. He said: "Westward the course of empire, and so on," and joined in with Bessie's giggle. Even Wallace joined it.



A farmer's auction was one of the events scheduled by the Rogers Drug Store for their Farm & Fireside Exhibition. Here is a portion of "the largest crowd ever seen in Tahlequah"

Interior view of the Rogers Drug Store, Tahlequah, Oklahoma

Tahlequah's biggest crowd—and this store's biggest sale

What the Rogers Drug Store *expected*—and *received*—as a result of trying the plan which Farm & Fireside offers to merchants who are reaching out for more farm trade

"Tell us about the plan which is helping other merchants to get more farm trade," wrote the Rogers Drug Store, Tahlequah, Oklahoma, to Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*, some months ago.

We sent them the plan. We told them about the leading farm families in their community who look upon Farm & Fireside as a guide to better farming and better farm buying; we told them how this plan would bring these prosperous farm buyers into their store to examine and buy the nationally-known products (see list below) which are advertised in Farm & Fireside.

They were interested—so much interested that they decided to hold a Farm & Fireside Exhibition, as suggested in the plan. Even then, however, they were uncertain that the event would bring them immediate returns, as this letter from Mr. Rogers, written last winter, suggests:

"We are not sure that the Farm & Fireside Exhibition will increase our sales materially, as this is not the best season of the year from a financial standpoint. But we have thoroughly advertised the event and we feel that we shall have a very satisfactory crowd in town throughout the entire week. They'll get acquainted with the Rogers Drug Store, and they'll learn that we carry the best there is in the drug line."

Sales doubled first day

Here, then, are Mr. Rogers' advance predictions. And here, in the following paragraphs, are summarized the results actually obtained.

The opening day of the Farm & Fireside Exhibition brought the largest crowd which had ever come to Tahlequah. The cash sales of the Rogers Drug Store were double those of any previous Saturday in their history.

Then followed a few days of bad weather, but in spite of this, there were crowds in town every day. Farmers came from a distance of twenty miles to visit this store. Sales for the entire week were 50 per cent greater than any preceding week.

"From a cash sales standpoint the week was a success," Mr. Rogers writes, "but the real permanent value of all the work lies in the fact that we thoroughly and completely covered Cherokee County with our advertising telling the people about our store and the Farm & Fireside-advertised products we carried. We are so well pleased with it that we want to make it an annual event—and we want to hold another one in October."

Similar events have been reported in these pages before. Every month merchants in every part of the country are trying the Farm & Fireside plan—and invariably they report that it has been the greatest advertising feature they have ever conducted. With many stores a Farm & Fireside exhibition is now an annual event.

You, too, can use this Farm & Fireside plan in your community. We will gladly help you. Just write, "Send the Farm & Fireside plan for getting more farm trade," and tell us which products in the list below you carry, and we will mail you complete information. Send your letter, please, to Retail Sales Director, Suite 12-B, at the address below.

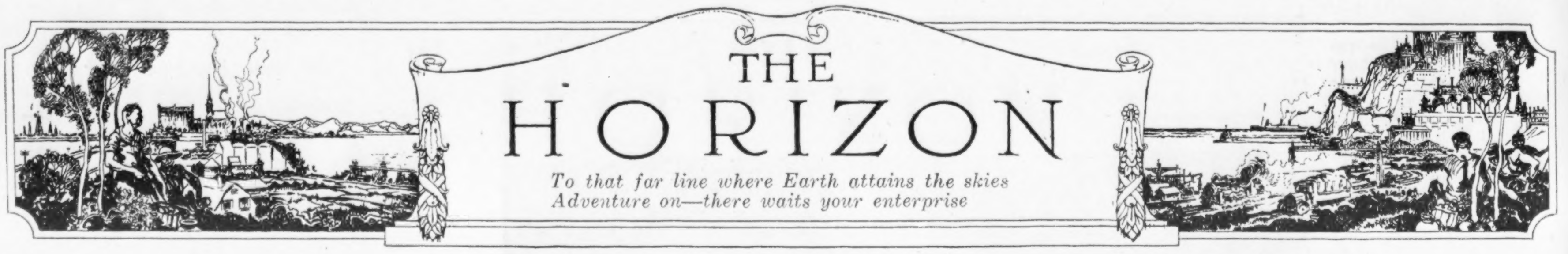
The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Agricultural Gypsum
American Chain Co. (Weed Chains)
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Saw Mill Machinery Co.
American Sole & Belting Leather Tanners, Inc.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
Boss Stoves & Ovens
Brown's Beach Jacket
Buckeye Incubators
Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
Canadian Government—
  (Dept. of Immigration & Colonization)
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company
Certo (Surejell)
Chesebrough "*Vaseline*" Products
Chevrolet Cars and Trucks
Chilean Nitrate Committee
Clark Grave Vaults
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Collis Process Pure Dried Buttermilk
Columbia Dry Cells & Batteries
Congoleum Rugs
Corn Products Refining Co. (Karo)
Crescent "*Mapleine*"
Crescent Tools
Crosley Radio Corporation
Dandelion Butter Color
DeLaval Separators & Milkers
Detroit Belt Lacer and Closing Machine
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dietz Lanterns
Douglas, W. L., Shoes
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffers
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Eveready Radio Batteries
Ford Automobiles and Ford Trucks
General Electric Co.
General Motors Corporation
Glastenbury Underwear
Great Northern Ry.
Hall, Hartwell & Company, Inc.
  (Collars, Shirts and Underwear)
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream
Hires Root Beer and Ginger Ale Extract
Hohner Harmonicas
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating [Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Jell-O
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kow-Kare
Landers, Frary & Clark—"*Universal*"
Luden's Menthol Cough Drops
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Magnavox Co., The
Mellin's Food
Midwest Radio Co. "*Miraco*"
Monitor Furnace Co. (Caloric)
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Music Master Corp.
Natco Hollow Tile Silos and Farm Buildings
Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove
Nesco Roya GRANITE Enameled Ware
New Perfection Oil Ranges
Northern Pacific Ry.
Oliver Oil-Gas Burners
Overland Cars
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Planet Jr. Implements
President Suspenders
Remington Arms Co., Inc.
  (Firearms, Ammunition & Cutlery)
Reo Speed Wagons
Royal Fence
Semi-Solid Buttermilk
Sloan's Liniment
Smith Brothers Cough Drops
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stewart Clipping & Shearing Machine
Stewart Custom Built Auto Accessories
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift's Products
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Victor Talking Machine
Warner Brothers, Wrap-arounds & Orientals
Westclox
Whiting-Adams Co. (Brushes)
Wright's Bias Fold Tape



THE HORIZON

To that far line where Earth attains the skies
Adventure on—there waits your enterprise

IN VIEW of the recent charges brought by experts that the navy on a peace-time footing and under a program of economy has deteriorated far below the ratio of power allowed us by the Washington Arms Conference, it is interesting to hear a specific complaint of what the post-war régime has done to a crack superdreadnought's personnel. Doubtless no healthy navy man, on his toes and proud of his ship, ever thinks she gets her due from the holders of the purse strings; doubtless others really deserved equal shares with the Nevada's chaplain in the credit for having morale at concert pitch; and possibly most of the tough luck she had on her way to Brazil and back would have been duplicated with the sky the limit of naval appropriations.

Even so, Mrs. Tague's honest indignation at "the men in Washington" is at least a reflection of a pertinent state of mind.

SELLING ONE'S VOTE is notoriously a low-down piece of business. But when David William Moore, having told the world in bold black type that he's going to sell his, explains, you discover that he means that—regardless of party—the candidate for President who will get it will be the one who bids highest with common horse sense, and can show Mr. Moore "the right kind of platform, the right kind of record to make his word worth something, and the right kind of 'gang' around him." Then you see that Mr. Moore's nefarious-looking resolve to sell his vote is representative of those of a great number of quiet, intelligent, everyday citizens. We all know some of them. The chances are, this year, that we are with them. They are probably more numerous than they were through any previous campaign, and their collective vote is an element party managers can't calculate—except that the old-style bunk and blah isn't good enough to buy it, and that it's as likely as not to decide the election.

* * *

ORPHANAGES as they average to-day are not the nightmare so many of them used to be. Yet this doesn't mean that the best of them offer either an economical or a humanly satisfactory and successful way of rearing orphans. So Harold Cary has concluded after digging to the bottom of the subject for Collier's readers. It is a timely subject with the World War close behind us; an upspringing of institutions for soldiers' children followed the Civil War, and another one seems to be in progress now. And then, of course, it is an important problem of child welfare, one of the matters Collier's has most at heart. Mr. Cary's article in this issue is the first of three. Wherever children are, there will be grown-ups who will read them.

Economy and the Nevada

To the Editor of Collier's:

For five consecutive years after the U. S. S. Nevada was put into commission she was the banner ship of the navy. There was a slogan in the navy that another ship could have a chance to win a coveted trophy when the Nevada was sunk.

And since then?

I have the word of a sailor who served on her for the three years following the war. He is my son, and he did not say anything until after his term of enlistment had expired. He would have reënlisted on that ship but for the things I am about to relate.

Because she was the banner ship, not only in athletics but in "general excellency" as well, she was selected to represent the navy during the Brazilian Exposition last year. Some time before, she had been transferred to the Pacific Fleet.

Then the "conservation program" instituted by the Harding Administration went into effect. The ship's chaplain was transferred and for months she had no chaplain at all—and Father John Finn must be given credit for most of the matchless discipline and high standard of conduct on that ship, for he had the love and respect of every man aboard.

After he left, his influence was still felt and the ship did not suffer, noticeably. However, spirit was killed by discontinuance of the ship's paper, curtailment of all "unnecessary" expenditure, and the changing around of officers and men. Morale rapidly disintegrated. Men sought places on other ships, or transfers to other locations. But many of the good men stayed for the trip to Brazil.

Disfigured and Limping

As the Nevada passed through the Panama Canal her sides scraped its wall and some of her armor plate was sprung. She continued on her way, "limping along" as my sailor expressed it, in spite of the feeling of the men. They had been trained to the height of efficiency, and they felt that their magnificent ship was no more than a "sea-going tug" with her armor plates sprung.

In Brazil they did their very best to maintain the prestige of the United States, in manner, and in keeping their ship in company order. They were always conscious, however, of that ragged piece of armor plate. They could not hide it from the navies of other countries assembled there.

Coming back, the Nevada encountered the most terrific storms that seamen had known at that season for thirty years. For days they wallowed in the trough of the seas—the ship in her weakened condition. Also a new engine had broken down, one of inferior make which had replaced one used during war time. The other engine, the old one, was the only one to rely on.

The Time From Brazil Was Doubled

The fresh-water supply gave out, and the 1,800 or more men on board were without water, on low rations, and at the mercy of the storms. The journey from Brazil under normal conditions should have taken eleven days, instead of twenty-two.

Now, in the name of all the mothers whose sons were on that ship, and of every mother who has a son on a navy ship, I accuse the men in Washington of gross neglect; and for the sake of all those boys yet to serve, I would call out a warning not to tamper with the morale of the men in the navy.

MRS. J. TAGUE,
Huntington, W. Va.

The Blame for a "Bandit"

To the Editor of Collier's:

Do editors ever think of anything original to say? Who's to blame for the bob-haired bandit? She was the "product of an unnatural environment," was she? Do all crooks come from this sort of environment? Did you ever hear of a well-bred degenerate? Are all guttersnipes crooks? Why give us that same old brand of sob stuff? Celia Cooney was and is a bandit because she wanted to be and not because she was raised in the slums or had a "drunken father." Some of the best people that ever lived were "drunken" and could neither read nor write. What damn nonsense to lay the sins of the parents on the child in this God-forsaken world, at this present stage of affairs!

The reason there are not more young scapegraces is—not because they were raised in a certain environment, but because they haven't the backbone; it takes nerve to be a crook.

JAMES WELCH,
Watts, Cal.

Getting back to Celia: Why did she "want to be," Mr. Welch?

Let Us Train Our Own "Giant"

To the Editor of Collier's:

The article "Who Shall Train Our Giant," in your issue of May 24, has, in quoting me, given, unintentionally I am sure, a wrong impression of my long-standing position on public ownership as applied to power. I believe very thoroughly that more and more public agencies, such as municipalities and groups of such organizations, should own and operate our power resources, which affect so directly the life and welfare of great bodies of people. It is not my idea, as was indicated in the article, that practically all development should be by private corporations under state or federal regulation. Regulation is a very faulty and unsatisfactory protection of the public interest.

The article correctly indicated my view that public ownership bolsters up regulation by furnishing standards for comparison. Even more important than this, it furnishes vital engineering and technical data for rate proceedings which otherwise are not available. A considerable number of publicly-owned and operated plants is the very minimum measure of protection which the public should throw out against the usual consequences of the process of concentration of power in the hands of private agencies, now going on. The more there are, the greater the safeguard.

W. J. CARR,
Los Angeles, Cal.

A Limit for Uniform Laws

To the Editor of Collier's:

Do we the people want a uniform divorce law, a uniform child labor law, a uniform way of dealing with dozens of other matters?

I say *no!*

Many states' laws could be harmonized in groups of states, as, let the Northeast have one way to treat a question, the Great Lakes section another way, the Rocky Mountain section another, and so on. The nation is fast welding into groups of states, as I see it.

W. H. STAVER,
New York City.

Wanted, a Ballot Mail Box

To the Editor of Collier's:

You ask, why don't we vote. I think if we could cast our votes by mail there would be more of us who would vote. It could be made a family affair. But as it is, I do not take the time. There are thousands more just like me.

"AN OREGON FARMER,"
Hillsboro, Ore.

The practical objections to taking the vote by mail must be plain to everyone. Nevertheless, the farmer remote from the polls is certainly handicapped in discharging this duty of a citizen.

Can One "Awaken" One's Self?

To the Editor of Collier's:

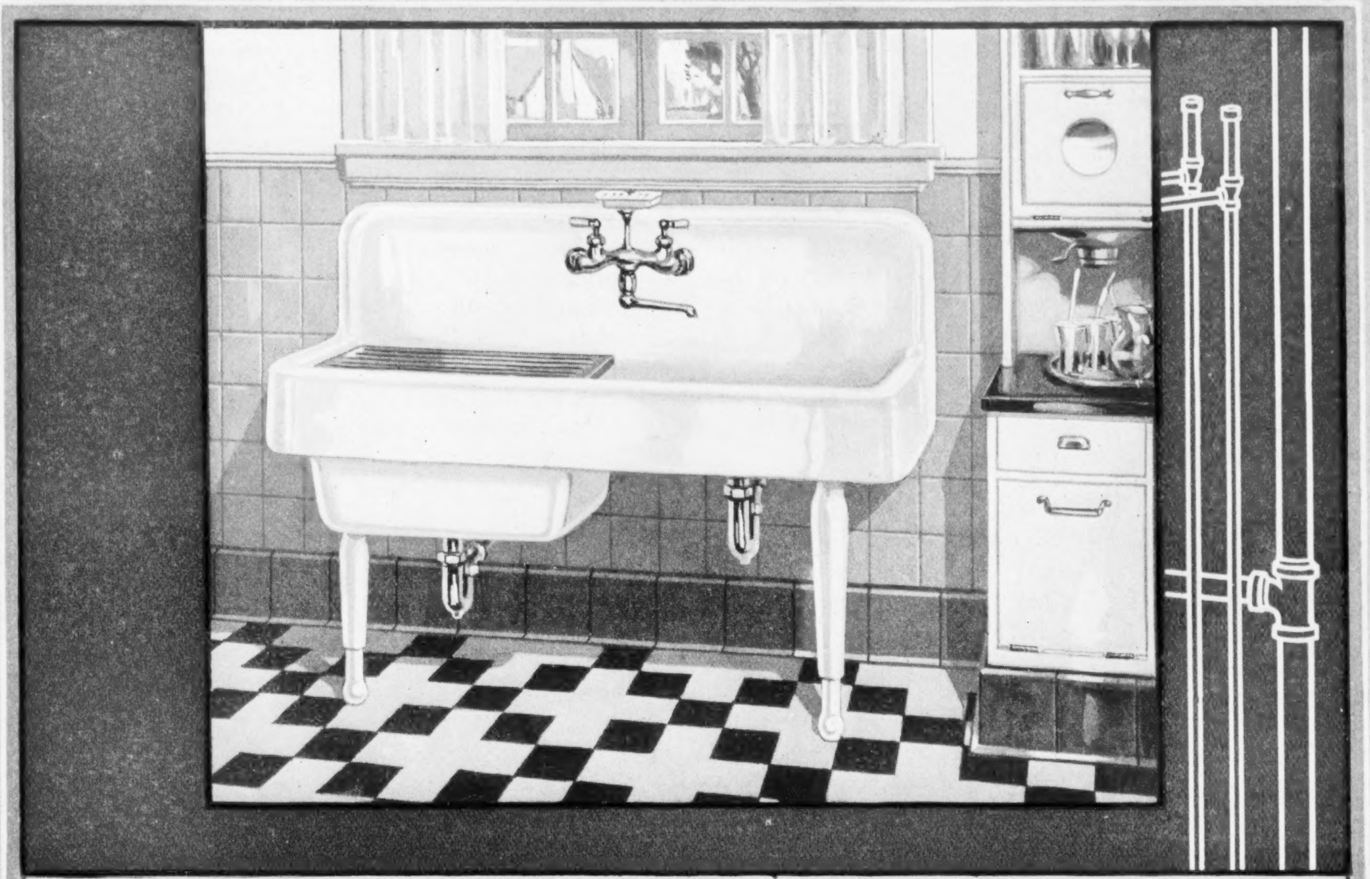
In one of your recent issues there is a large picture, having beneath it the words: "No Danger of His Awakening at All."

A foreign student, from Switzerland, to whom I have given English lessons, noticed the use of "awaken," as I myself had already done, and said: "Does the writer really mean *awaken* (someone else) or *awake*, that is, wake up, himself?" Said I: "Let us ask the editor."

We know that some of the dictionaries *record* the use of *awaken* in an intransitive sense, but does not the best usage require a direct object for this verb? Of course Charlie Low could neither *awake* nor *awaken*.

"A PROOFREADER,"
New York City.

Collier's is of opinion that he could. *Awaken* is "transitive and intransitive," by excellent authority, *waken* is "intransitive and transitive," and there are two verbs *wake*, one of each, and we believe that good usage sanctions the intransitive *awaken*. Also it *is* possible to *awaken*, *waken*, or *wake* one's self; many people can do it by fixing in mind before going to sleep the time when they wish to get up. But what a pleasure it is to come across a proofreader in these days who takes such niceties to heart!



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

To save steps and room has been the study of intelligent planners and managers of homes for many years. And now, with space at a new premium in city apartments and small dwellings, economy in using it has grown doubly important.

In this new Crane kitchen sink of porcelain enamel, a full-size laundry tub is always ready beneath the removable drainboard of white ash. The double mixing faucet has a swinging spout which supplies both the sink and tray. Traps on both drain pipes prevent the "backing up" of waste. The sink or tray at either right or left.

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